

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Dundonald and Lady Grisel Cochrane	705, 708
Advance Horticulture!	706
Country Notes	707
The Temple Flower Show. (Illustrated)	709
Shooting Gossip	712
From the Pavilion	712
Sport in Other Lands: Shooting in Ceylon. (Illustrated)	713
The Leyswood Hackneys. (Illustrated)	715
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	717
Home-breeding Woodcocks (Illustrated)	718
Gardens Old and New: Blenheim Palace.—II. (Illustrated)	720
Burnham Beeches in the Spring. (Illustrated)	724
The Cuckoo: Points of View	728
Books of the Day	728
In Town: The Future of Mr. Martin Harvey	729
Dramatic Notes	730
Notes for the Table: Cooking in the Wilds.—I.	730
Racing Notes. (Illustrated)	731
The Beenhams House Yearlings	733
Cycling Notes	734
Literary Notes	735
Photographic Competition	735
Correspondence	735

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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Advance Horticulture!

THE beautiful Flower Show in the Temple Gardens last week may or may not have been better than its predecessors of recent years. It is not essential to our present purpose to express a decided opinion on that point. Compared with any exhibition on the same lines which could have been attempted fifty or even thirty years ago, it was astonishing. The splendour and variety of the flowers and the perfection of their development were things stupendous and admirable. In the improvement of known varieties, and in the artificial evolution of new forms of flower, our florists seem to know no limitations. Many days afterwards the mind keeps a clear impression of gorgeous begonias, a blaze of scarlet, of unfathomable depth of colour in gloxinias, of carnations luxuriant and delicate, and of the clear yellow of a certain wonderful arum which, albeit not quite novel, was the object of general admiration. Our forefathers were florists also. The loving care which they bestowed upon their auriculas and upon their tulips was not ill rewarded. Big as are the prices which are given for rare orchids now, these enthusiastic gentlemen of old time gave huge sums for their tulips, and they measured out the proportions of soil for their auriculas with the nice precision which, we all hope, the dispensing chemist uses.

But their opportunities were as nothing to those of our day, when glass is cheap, and knowledge of the principles of hybridisation has advanced enormously, and a whole tribe of skilled men has set itself to work to meet that love of flowers which has become universal among the English people. The things of beauty with which we may

adorn our gardens grow in number every year. "I recall a time," says Dean Hole, "when you might almost have counted on your fingers the orchids of a county, and these in the last stage of galloping consumption. Happy days for mealy-bug and the red spider, and all manner of flies, under the shade of the tiny panes, discoloured by dirt and damp, with peaceful homes in the decaying rafters and beams, and warmed by the smoky flue. In many gardens the sole representative of the narcissus community was the 'Daffydown-dilly'; of the lilies, *Candidum*; and the roses, with the exception of the Provence 'cabbage,' the yellow Provence (which as a rule declined to bloom), the miniature Provence, 'De Meaux,' the moss rose, the York and Lancaster, and a few others, which still bloom in ancient gardens, are only known to us through the pages of Mrs. Gore, and the fascinating pictures of Redouté." Surely with much justice does the Dean of Roses claim to see an abundant fulfilment in our gardens of the prophecy "Men shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Our opportunities are unparalleled in the history of the world. How shall we avail ourselves of them? What dangers shall we foresee, and foreseeing shun?

Let us distinguish floriculture from the art of gardening, of which the former is the faithful handmaid, but apt on occasion, as in the domestic circle, to win the upper hand. Even in floriculture, the advance of our generation has not been more conspicuous than in the art of gardening. It is hard to exaggerate the debt which England owes to the natural school of gardeners, to Robert Marnock, William Robinson, William Ingram, and to the growing band of men and women who add almost every day new treasures to the library of those who love their gardens with intelligence. The revolt against ultra-formalism and against bedding-out, the movement in favour of what may be called the humane method in dealing with plants, the preaching of a spirit of confidence in Nature—all these things have been of priceless value. The gardens of England are incomparably more beautiful in the leafy June of the Queen's eighty-first year than they were when she was a child at Kensington. Almost might the contented man say in his heart, "We can do no more, let us rest and be thankful."

But we may be well assured that horticulture will not rest; it will grow better or worse, one or the other. It will certainly move, for change is the order of our being. How shall we watch the evolution of our gardens in such fashion that, while we gain much, we shall lose as little as may be? Herein lies the pith of our sermon—the word is appropriate to the discussion of a pursuit in which the clergy have always excelled—and, in truth, the time is come for that which a very good bishop, who was a very bad gardener, used to call "the word of exhortation." Let us seek toleration and ensue it; let us endeavour to cultivate our faculty of appreciating beauty and to extend it. The victory of the natural school has been won, once and for all. Their adversaries have ceased to contend against them, and that is a great thing gained. But the naturalists, to use an old word in a new sense, would do well not to trample upon the fallen and to pour unmeasured contempt upon them. Even the natural school may fall into the vice of pedantry and, so falling, provoke reaction. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, or, in the hearty old Staffordshire phrase, "Different people have different opinions; Some likes apples and some likes inions." There are many kinds of beauty, even in a garden, and in this England of ours there is room for all of them. Valuing at its full worth all that the natural school has done for us, we may none the less be attracted by that savour of the ancient world belonging to the quaint and curious topiary which has been illustrated so often and so well in these pages. Even the architect, whom the natural school hold in abhorrence, is a fellow-creature, and the time may come when, working in harmony with the gardener, he may be welcomed as an ally rather than looked upon as an enemy. But that good time will come only when the architect has mended his ways. Even the preacher of the humane method in the treatment of flowers may run to excess. Thus it is right, doubtless, to give preference to the flowers which suit a particular locality, and to humour narcissi by letting them enjoy the liberty and protection of the long unmown grass. Let the bulbs in the long grass have their place, by all means, but let us never sacrifice the lawns, which are the glory of England. These, it seems to us, are the lessons in which the lovers of gardens stand in need just now. Yet perhaps the teachers, rather than the lovers of gardening, stand in need of the warning. Let the latter remember that our teachers of to-day are, for the most part, men who have been victorious in a justifiable rebellion. In another sphere of life they are like the early apostles of the Cobden Club; they will hear of nothing which does not absolutely conform to their own ideas. To them we would address, in all thankfulness for their past work, a respectful warning. Let them cultivate an open mind, a tolerant generosity in appreciation, a reasonable catholicity of taste. Let them be more anxious to find beauty, and less prompt in deciding what is, or is not, ugly. Let them choose that which is best out of all that lies within their reach. In that direction lie improvement and advance.



THIS is the era of schemes for making Ireland popular among tourists, and the members of Parliament who have been touring about in the Killarney district appear one and all to be highly delighted with their experience. Well they may be, for in the matter of scenery Ireland leaves nothing to be desired. But there are two principal reasons why the tourist is inclined to eschew Ireland; firstly, the indifferent quality of most of the Irish hotels, and, secondly, the voyage across the Irish Channel. The hotels are mending their ways, although there is still room for improvement. The Irish Channel, however, remains intractable. Compared with the cross-Channel voyages which Charles Lever described with so much realistic liveliness, the passages of to-day are as Paradise. Still, sea-sickness triumphs in spite of science, and it is simply the fear of the voyage which influences many families in refusing to spend their summer holidays in Ireland. For this reason the tunnel project, which is to be considered by a meeting under the presidency of Lord Londonderry on Monday, is of no common interest. There could be no better president than Lord Londonderry, who has large estates in the County Down, and a fine seat, Mount Stewart, on the shores of Strangford Lough. That same lough, by the way, is one of the best places conceivable for small-boat sailing, an art in which Lady Londonderry is an adept.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Geographical Society Sir Clements Markham delivered an address of no common interest, containing as it did the announcement of the foundation of a Geographical School at Oxford. Nor was the chairman falling into the vice of exaggeration when he spoke of the dangers arising from the ignorance of public men upon geographical matters, which may be summarised as the risk of going to war about nothing on the one hand, and the failure on the other hand to seize the opportunity of encouraging promising enterprise. An amusing instance of this ignorance occurred a few years ago in connection with that curious institution, created by the late Lord Truro, the Universal Information Office. Notice having been given of a question in Parliament touching a certain British possession, the Government of the day were totally unable to localise the said possession. At last they were driven to Lord Truro's much-ridiculed office, and his Lordship scored a signal triumph by pointing out the place marked on one of the maps in the Foreign Office. In other words, the authorities controlling the British Empire had actually lost sight of a portion of it. The writer, who often heard the story from Lord Truro, believes that he is right in saying that the fee for this information was £20.

The Dutch are the cleanest people in the world; indeed, the visitor to Amsterdam, as he sees the serried rows of housewives and servants beating their carpets beside the grachts in the morning, is not sure, as he breathes the dusty and bacillus-laden air, that they do not overdo cleanliness. But a story in the *Daily Chronicle*, concerning the experiences of a party of Essex farmers who have been inspecting farm arrangements in Holland, is perhaps the most striking illustration of Dutch cleanliness. "A month after the cows had been turned out to grass the Dutch farmers used the sheds as sitting-rooms, and found them comfortable and healthy." It is, indeed, the country of scrupulous neatness, and in this respect, as well as in improved methods of agriculture, dairying, and horticulture, the Essex farmers may have learned much from their expedition. As for the vicissitudes of the sheds which are now sitting-rooms and were byres, it can only be said that, in any other country, the practice would be reckoned dirty.

Prolonged discussion upon the Peace Conference would certainly be out of place in these columns. It is enough for us to rejoice that while the Utopian idea of universal disarmament has been practically dropped, some progress has been made towards the establishment of the machinery of arbitration and

mediation. War will not be abolished; men and nations will always fight for great objects, without troubling themselves unduly about the justice of their claims; but the influence of the Conference certainly promises to be good in the way of obviating minor wars about nothing in particular. That, so far as it goes, must be a welcome fact to the readers of a journal devoted to the cultivation of the Arts of Peace. But there is a little point in the recent reports from the Hague which is of real importance. The grave and reverend delegates are taking up the question of the duel, which is a great thing for foreign nations. To us it does not matter. Any Englishman would have the support of his countrymen in refusing to fight a duel under any circumstances. But it is high time that a practice at once barbarous and ridiculous should be checked on the Continent.

The German Emperor's Heligoland cup race should produce excellent sport, for among the entries are some of the finest of the large cruisers. They include Mr. T. C. Kerry's *Ariadne*, which won many a memorable contest when schooner-racing was the fashion of the day, Sir Maurice Fitzgerald's well-known yawl *Satanita*, which will no doubt give a good account of herself should reaching in strong wind become the order of the day, and Lord Iveagh's famous schooner *Cetonia*. Another competitor will be Mr. Alfred H. Littleton's *Amphitrite*, which goes under the name of "the last of the schooners," for she was built at a time when the racing of "two-stickers" was almost at an end. A further entry is Mr. E. C. F. James's well-known yawl *Jullanar*, which was designed in 1875 by the late Mr. E. H. Bental, who may be said to have in a great measure anticipated the lines of the modern racing yacht.

It seems likely that the Birmingham district will be the next to be relieved of the nuisance (necessary it may be—though the necessity is open to discussion) of the muzzling order. In that case there will remain only Lancashire and London in which it will continue in force. But the troublesome, and in some of the details rather superfluous, control of dogs imported from abroad will, we presume, continue, and it is hard to see any rational pretext for ever relaxing it. Luckily for us, however, foreigners want more of our dogs than we of theirs.

We must all be glad to hear of the institution in France of sundry local societies for the preservation of small birds of the insectivorous kind, especially swallows and larks. It is said that agriculture is suffering on account of their wholesale destruction, and further said that they are largely killed in order to provide feathers for the hats of ladies, who have lately adopted the fashion of wearing the wings of these small birds. In that case it seems as if the ladies and leaders of fashion were the point of attack. But we have a little difficulty in understanding the position. The swallows' wings as hat ornaments we can comprehend—they are beautiful both in form and hue—but the lark is a humble person of sober brown colouring, but very esculent. Is it not rather for the table that the lark is killed? And if so, can there be any hope of modifying the love both of the French sportsman and of the French gourmet for their *petit gibier*? We cannot think so.

In the hop gardens of Kent and Sussex the soil is looking sadly parched, and the young hops themselves are asking for kindly rain. Frosts at night and hot sun by day are making them look rather poorly. But it is early days yet. The *Times*' forecasts are trying to give us an idea of what weather to expect for several days to come, not restricting themselves, as heretofore, to the day of publication only. It is a good departure, for we believe the general character of the weather to come is more legible from the distribution of areas of different barometric pressure than the immediate prospect. And it is the general character of the weather in prospect that we, as agriculturists, wish to know.

The first hot days at the end of May brought out a great lot of orange-tip butterflies, as bright and beautiful as any of their kind. This is the year, if we mistake not, that the clouded yellows, those capricious migrants, ought to visit us, according to the seven years' cycle theory. This theory is that the clouded yellows hatch out here, or come over from the Continent, in any number, once in seven years only; and it is marvellous how punctually the cycle has repeated itself in past observation. It will be interesting to see whether this year's testimony bears out the theory.

Partridges are reported to have laid well all the country over. On the other hand, the pheasant news is not so good. In some parts they are said to have laid poorly, and everywhere the shell of the eggs is thin and brittle. But keepers never seem to prophesy smooth things, and we may hope that all will turn out better than their expectations, especially as the hatch-out of poultry has been better than usual.

In a year when most of the good things are later than usual in coming into season, it seems peculiarly hard that the ill things should come before their due time, yet it is very certain that the hay-fever season has set in earlier than usual, to the torture of those who suffer from this little regarded malady. It is a real distress, spoiling the best months of country life. Unfortunately there is no cure for it. The best preventive is a course of quinine or other tonic taken for a week or two before it is likely to begin; but this year it has defeated that calculation by beginning just when the tonic course should, normally, be begun.

A weekly paper recently suggested that the now clean and purified London Thames will before long be again used by yachts and the modern equivalent of the old pleasure barges. Practical evidence that this will be so followed last week in the arrival of Lord De La Warr's fine yacht, the *Fire Fly*, which steamed up the Thames and moored off the Embankment opposite Somerset House. There she is to lie for the season, making a floating London house, with the power to be off into the country, up or down channel, any day that its owner pleases. Lord De La Warr made the experiment for a short time last year, and found it so pleasant that he has come again. The Countess has accompanied him, and receives her friends on board. According to Lord De La Warr the climate on the river is charming, the nights far cooler and the days quieter than on shore in town. Dining on board is one of the pleasantest experiences of this new social departure. Ten years ago all this would have been impossible, because the river had an evil smell. Now it is almost as clean as need be, and a few years will render it absolutely free from up-river contamination. We shall expect to hear of members' steam yachts moored off the Houses of Parliament before the season is over.

Dismay is the term most adequate to describe the feelings of English sportsmen on the promulgation of the new game law for Norway. If a careful summary by a correspondent of the *Field* is correct in detail, Norway, as a grouse-shooting country, will practically be closed to foreigners, and largely rendered useless for sport to native Norwegians themselves. The paid members of the Norwegian Parliament, after agitating for Separation and Home Rule for some years, have, whether intentionally or not, stopped shooting as sport in favour of snaring and trapping for the pot, this being the inevitable and, probably, intentional result of the Act passed. In future no willow-grouse, hazel-grouse, black game, or capercaillie are to be shot before September 15th. By this time the weather is breaking up, and foreign visitors are all leaving the country. The result will be to leave all the game to the men who gin, snare, and pot-hunt during the winter to send frozen game to market. The result is about the same as if a Home Rule Scotch Parliament passed an Act forbidding grouse-shooting before November in the interests of the crofters. At the same time a change is made in the law as to property in game which sounds retrograde, but is, in fact, a radical move. Hitherto bird-shooting has been free on the State lands on the high fjeld. Now a licence of £5 10s. is to be paid by foreigners, and on private property where free rights of shooting existed, these will now pass to the occupiers. Holiday shooting in Norway, otherwise than for elk and reindeer, will be practically closed.

In our issue of April 22nd we mentioned that some of the members of the Maharajah of Kuch Behar's Assam shooting-party had decided to go on shooting "on their own." Two of them were eminently successful in tracking after heavy rain, for on six shooting days they killed eight head of big game, viz., two rhinoceros, two buffalo, three bull bison (gaur), and one bear. The names of these two lucky shikaris are Lord Elphinstone and Mr. P. B. Van der Byl. The latter gentleman unfortunately paid the frequent penalty of jungle sport in the shape of a sharp attack of Assam fever, but is now convalescent, and indeed has reached Kashmir, where he hopes to get some hill sport before returning to England.

Ancient yew trees have been the subject of a number of letters to the *Standard*. Nearly all these celebrated trees stand in churchyards, for which many reasons are given, though the true one is seldom hinted at—that this is a real relic of the old sentiment which produced tree worship. In the temperate countries the tree was the longest lived of all things which have life. As the yew is the longest lived of all temperate trees, it was revered accordingly, the fancy even of the least educated peasant associating it rightly with ages of which the yew's existence was the sole outward and visible symbol. Most of the trees described are mere shells, though these are still quite alive and send out fresh leaves yearly. The National Trust Society looks after them, and issues directions to keep them in repair, as if they were ancient buildings. The most suggestive of the letters in the *Standard* is one from Mr. William Bradbrooke, of Bletchley, who gives instances of the rate of growth of some

of the old yews which are (presumably) still sound. In 1809 a yew at Woodford, in Essex, measured 14ft. 3in. round at 4½ft. from the ground. In October, 1892, it measured over 15ft., a growth of more than 9in. in girth in eighty-three years. If we set 8in. per century as the rate of growth after the tree has reached perfection and begun to decline in branch-producing power, we must have many that saw the Conquest. At Church Preen, near Shrewsbury, is one which measures 23ft. 3in. at 7ft. from the ground. It is hollow, but the shell still swells, and burst an iron band round it this year.

Sir John Lubbock's speech to the Selborne Society dealt with osprey plumes, the New Forest, and small bird protection. The Government set the example of sparing the breeding egrets by abolishing the plume for certain busbies in the Army. Meantime ladies have very largely followed suit, but the Florida ospreys are practically killed off, and a plume of the feathers is now worth £5 in a London shop. Sir John has been briefed by a competent authority as to the growth of timber in the forest. It has long been evident that here and there parts of the old wood should be enclosed for a few years to let seedlings grow up naturally to replace the old trees, otherwise the swarms of cattle and ponies nip them off. It must be remembered that though all the formal plantations will be thrown open gradually, the fences being taken away, they cannot ever look as well as naturally grown woodlands. Such enclosures are resisted by the same class, viz., those who use the forest for their own profit, as that which desires to use bits of the game area for gas-works and sewage farms. But such enclosures should be small, and the sites scattered well over the woodlands.

"Eagles' feathers" are now largely sold to wear in hats and to make plumes and fans. A naturalist contributor who has been enquiring into the source of the feathers used in ladies' hats states that by far the greater number are made up most ingeniously from the feathers of game birds, pigeons, ducks, geese, and other edible birds, but that the "eagles' feathers" are genuine feathers of some large wild bird, and bear a considerable resemblance to the feathers of the wings and tail of certain eagles. Here and there a single genuine eagle's feather is to be seen, and purchased for about 2s. 6d., but the fine chocolate-coloured feathers sold under that name are clearly not those of the royal bird, even were they not so plentiful as to forbid the idea that the eagles in the world could supply them. The answer to the puzzle is that they are not eagles' feathers, but vultures' feathers taken from different species very common in the East. The birds are killed shortly after they have moulted, so that the plumes are not dirtied or spoiled. Vultures are not birds whose death anyone is likely to become sentimental over, though they are useful scavengers. So are the Marabout storks, killed for their exquisite plumes, and their cousins the adjutants.

A thoroughly bad case of wholesale egg robbery has been brought before the Carlisle magistrates. Bowness Moss contains one of the northern breeding grounds of the black-headed gull, which there, as elsewhere, nest in a large colony. The result is that the eggs can be picked up with a minimum of trouble and in the maximum quantity. The County Council had included these birds in the list of species whose eggs were protected, and as everyone knew what the birds were, it was not alleged, even by the defence, that the robbers did not know exactly what they were doing. There were four defendants, a fifth having run away, and these four men had taken sacks to collect the eggs in, doubtless with the object of selling them as food. One had 75 eggs, a second 195 eggs, a third 109 eggs, and the fourth 83. It was proved that notices were posted up, and only one man denied that he knew he was offending. All the defendants were liable to a fine of £1 per egg, or an aggregate of £462.

We are sorry to say that though there was not a shadow of excuse for the men, the Bench decided to deal leniently with them, and they were mulcted in fines and costs, £1 each. Why they were let off thus we fail to see. They knew they were breaking the law; and taking the value of the eggs at 2d. each, the price at which they are sold from the Norfolk gulleries for food, they were in illegal possession of private property to the value of £3 17s., or only 3s. less than their fines and costs.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week shows the portraits of Lady Dundonald and her daughter, Lady Grizel Winifred Louisa. Lady Dundonald, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Bamford Hesketh, of Gwrych Castle, North Wales, was married to Lord Dundonald in 1878. Her husband, who is a keen soldier and colonel commanding the 2nd Life Guards, has not only seen service, but also invented a capital galloping gun-carriage for the use of machine guns with cavalry.



IN brilliant weather, undimmed by even a passing shower, the twelfth annual exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society was held last week in the Inner Temple Gardens, by permission of the Treasurer and Benchers. For three days the great show attracted thousands of visitors, who must have been well satisfied with the summer sunshine and beautiful flowers, from the daintiest orchid to the tree pæonies and irises, that now make clouds of colour in the garden.

In many ways the exhibition was better than those hitherto held in these historic gardens. The groups were more artistically displayed, the flowers rarer, and the tents, though of course crowded, were not a mass of material jumbled together as if the whole desire of the exhibition were to get everything from the garden or nursery, as the case may be, into a certain area. The president of the society, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., the secretary, the Rev. W. Wilks, Mr. Wright, and everyone connected with the management of such a show as this must be congratulated upon the results. There is not the slightest evidence that the popularity of this annual display is diminishing, indeed the reverse, as the crowds on each day of the show testified.

Orchids were chiefly shown in the large tent. The display was

fascinating to the eye, white, mauves, crimson, and a wonderful variety of subtle shades, mingling without harsh contrast. The president sent from his priceless collection at Burford, Dorking, a beautiful group, comprising Cattleyas of remarkable size, Dendrobiums, butterfly orchids (*Phalænopsis*), besides many



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HERBACEOUS PÆONIES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rare kinds, sometimes of more interest to the scientist than to the flower-lover. No collection in the world contains more curiosities in plant-life than this, and many strange forms were exhibited amongst the more gorgeous members of the same family. Sir Frederick Wigan, of Clare Lawn, East Sheen, again contributed a group of much beauty and interest, and we wish a fuller description could be given of the flowers from Mr. Malcom Cooke, Tankerville, Kingston Hill, Mr. W. Thompson, Walton Grange, Stone, Staffordshire, and Mr. W. A. Gillett, Fair Oak Lodge, Bishopstoke, besides the smaller groups from other exhibitors. Amongst the trade exhibits the group of Messrs. Sander and Co., of St. Albans, occupied considerable space. It is almost needless to dwell upon the rare orchids in this collection, the Cattleyas, *Lælias*, *Odontoglossums*, with foliage plants also, notably the strange but decorative *Acalypha Sanderi*, which created something approaching a sensation when shown last year for the first time. Its long pendant crimson spikes remind one of the lovelies-bleeding of the mixed border. *Dracæna Sanderiana* is a brightly-coloured foliage plant, variegated, but not blotchy or inartistic. The orchids from the famous



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HYBRID NEMESIA.

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nursery of Messrs. B. S. Williams and Son, of Upper Holloway, Hugh Low and Co., of Enfield, Cypher, of Cheltenham, and Messrs. Charlesworth and Co., Heaton, Bradford, must be commended for their variety and colouring.

One would be pleased to linger long amongst these typical flowers, but in a vast show this is not possible. Every phase of flower-life was there to interest visitors, and near the orchids were groups of roses more charming even than in past years. We have seldom seen roses so finely displayed as in the group from Messrs. W. Paul and Son, of Waltham Cross, a household name in the rose world. This collection was unusually representative, tender-coloured teas grown as half-standards, and basketfuls of one kind, a fragrant mass, thoroughly enjoyable. Close inspection revealed the presence of many comparatively new varieties, the climbing Mrs. W. J. Grant, Belle Siebrecht, and others. It was a glorious crowd of roses, perfuming the tent, and showing that as years go by the variety of roses increases in interest and beauty. Another fresh, admirably-arranged group came from Cheshunt, Messrs. Paul and Son showing, amongst many other varieties, the delightful Carmine Pillar, a single crimson flower, vivid and effective. It is a pleasure to know that single roses, climbers as well as dwarf or bush plants, are increasing in popularity. Our gardens are greatly beautified by such self kinds as this, vigorous, free, and early. On all sides the Crimson Rambler was apparent. Its colour is wonderfully rich, but over-powering. Too much of this rose in the exhibition or the garden is scarcely advisable. We noticed it in the beautiful collection of Mr. Charles Turner, and it was distributed by the Slough nurseryman, who on this occasion trained it in a happy way against the tent poles. Mr. W. Rumsey, Waltham Cross, Mr. G. Mount, Canterbury, and Mr. Piper, Uckfield, all contributed the queenly flower, the Sussex nurseryman showing the new tea rose Sunrise, which is of various rich hues against bronzy foliage; the flowers are strongly scented. Mr. Russell, Richmond, exhibited a bank of roses in 5in. pots, and in almost every instance ferns or other foliage plants were used with charming effect, intensifying the flower-colouring of the vast variety of kinds, from the delicately-tinted petals of Mme. de Watteville to the deep-coloured hybrid perpetuals, a race that in a measure is becoming over-shadowed by the tea-scented group.

One of the great features of the exhibition consisted of the groups of tuberous begonias, a flower that of recent years has undergone remarkable development. The display made by Mr. T. S. Ware, of Tottenham, attracted considerable attention. There were many splendid double varieties, the flowers of some



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VEITCH'S EXHIBIT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

reminding one of tea roses, so delicate in colour, free, and graceful. We are pleased to notice that raisers of new begonias are forsaking the old way of getting painfully formal varieties. We must congratulate also Messrs. J. Laing and Sons, Forest Hill, Cannell and Sons, Swanley, and H. J. Jones, Lewisham, upon the excellence of their exhibits. To individualise more than this is at present impossible.

Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, of Chelsea, showed delightful groups, the chief artistic arrangement being in the large tent, where sufficient space was afforded for a display pleasing in aspect and interesting for the variety of things shown. There were little standard wistarias with trails of lilac flowers, the beautiful Eremuri, Himalaicus, Robustus, and others, azaleas, bamboos, mock oranges, and other charming flowering shrubs. In another tent much space was occupied with hybrid Phyllocacti, which this firm for many years past have been striving, as in the case of the Amaryllis, to make popular by raising new kinds. They have succeeded indeed. These cacti are amongst the most gorgeous in colour of all flowers, and may be grown with ease by even those possessed of only a greenhouse. Nor must one forget the gloxinias, golden-spathed callas, and caladiums.

Without the flowers from Messrs. Sutton and Sons, the well-known Reading seedsmen, the show would have been bereft of much of its glory. The group of seedling Nemesias was a revelation of colouring. It is hardly possible to describe the infinite variety of tints, from white, though mauve, to orange and crimson. This flower is a half-hardy annual, easily raised from seed, and a group of this kind should draw attention to a class of plants sadly neglected in English gardens. Annual flowers contain many things of rare value, but they require more careful culture than some flower-gardeners seem to consider necessary. The herbaceous calceolarias from the same firm were superb,

especially one named Cloth of Gold, a clear self yellow flower.

The group of Messrs. Cutbush and Son, the Highgate nurserymen, in the big tent, was graceful and full of colour. It is not often one sees a display of greater charm, obtained by massing, not crowding however, many bold plants. The golden-coloured Calla Elliottiana was in evidence, so too the Malmaison carnation in great variety, comprising the most recent acquisitions, such as Princess of Wales, the whole arrangement relieved by tall palms and foliage plants.

Tree-lovers would have found much to interest them in the enormous group of shrubs from Messrs. Fisher, Son, and Sibray, Handsworth, Sheffield, an illustration of which we are pleased to give. Maples and trees and shrubs of many kinds were well shown—a fresh and important



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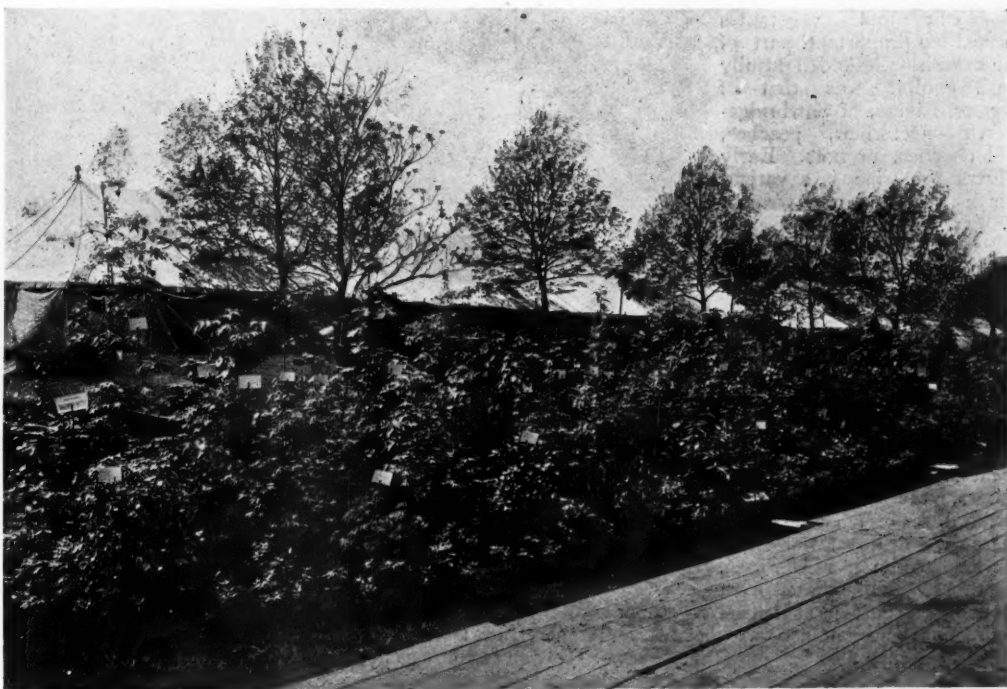
CUTBUSH'S EXHIBIT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

display. A new holly was certificated by the society, namely, *Wilsoni*, a very handsome form, with broad, shiny leaves, deep green, and the whole plant showed great vigour. One can scarcely have too many good new shrubs, especially of the holly, which can be put to so many uses in the garden.

The Langport flowers were, as usual, in every way interesting. Messrs. Kelway and Sons have identified themselves closely with not a few of the most precious perennials in the garden, and on this occasion their tree pæonies, pyrethrums, aquilegias, *Eremurus*, and *Amaryllis* were represented in rich variety. Two new tree pæonies deserve more than passing attention. Both were single varieties, one an orange-scarlet flower of large size and beautiful form, named Cecil Rhodes, and the other the pure white Miss Beatrice Jones. There is a freshness and beauty in these huge, wavy, and elegant flowers irresistibly attractive. It is through the efforts of such men as Messrs. Kelway that certain flowers are made popular. The tree pæony should be in every garden worthy of the name.

Messrs. Webb and Sons, of Stourbridge, showed their noble *calceolarias* and *begonias*. We have already referred to the variety of colours in these flowers, and those shown by this firm represented every colour found in the finest strains, as nurserymen call a group of seedlings. The group of *Malmaison* carnations from Mr. Martin Smith, of Hayes, contained new varieties raised by him, and it is safe to say that few have done more to increase the range of colour in this popular flower. Writing of carnations reminds us that not a small part of the exhibition was occupied with displays of hardy flowers from nurserymen who have identified themselves in particular with the perennials that live in rock gardens and borders. Messrs. Barr and Sons, of Covent Garden, had a noble array of irises, pæonies, daffodils even, and florists' tulips. One could have spent an hour seeking out the rare and interesting things in this group alone. Messrs. Wallace and Co., of Colchester, had so many charming flowers that we can scarcely individualise. The group, consisting chiefly of lilies, was full of charm, the early *L. excelsum*, and other beautiful species, with hardy orchids, *calochorti*, and rare bulbs grown to perfection. It is always well to seek out the exhibits from this firm, for many beautiful bulbs, suitable as a rule for warm, light soils may be discovered, with, of course, things that thrive everywhere.



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FISHER, SON, AND SIBRAY'S EXHIBIT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Bath, of Wisbech, had a rare display of pansies and hardy flowers in general, the bright array of blossom being softened by maidenhair ferns. Messrs. Cheal and Son, of Crawley, besides their remarkably interesting group of trees and shrubs, and yews cut into strange devices, had also tufted pansies and hardy flowers, whilst Messrs. Backhouse and Son, of York, like Messrs. Barr, showed Alpine flowers, set out as if upon the rock garden. This natural setting up of plants is, we are pleased to say, increasing. Such displays as these relieve monotonous effects, and show little gems in the only positions in which it is possible to place them. Mr. Amos Perry, of Winchmore Hill, and Mr. Maurice Pritchard, of Christchurch, had interesting hardy flower groups.

Ferns were a grateful relief to the brilliant masses of flowers. There seemed to be more of these cool-coloured plants than usual this year, but they are always welcome. Mr. H. B. May, of Upper Edmonton, who grows ferns in vast quantities for market, had a splendid display of exotic kinds, and in the large group from Messrs. W. and J. Birkenhead, of Sale, Manchester, there were a number of the most beautiful hardy ferns, varieties of native kinds amongst them. It is a pity many ferns are afflicted with ugly names. An exquisite kind shown, which rightly received a first-class certificate, was called *Polystichum angulare diviso-lobum plumosissimum*, sufficient to frighten anyone, but translated simply meaning a much divided variety of a shield fern. It is scarcely advisable in the interests of business, we should think, to give ferns, worthy of general cultivation, such a name as this.

Its plumy, mossy fronds, deep green, and paler at the tips, are as beautiful as anything we have seen amongst hardy ferns.

It was pleasing to see the charming masses of lily of the valley from the well-known grower, Mr. T. Jannoch, of Dersingham, Norfolk, and Mr. W. Poupart, of Twickenham.

The flowers from Messrs. Carter and Co., the High Holborn seedsmen, were those in strong evidence in gardens, we mean the herbaceous *calceolarias*, which are splendidly grown by this firm, and the *gloxinias* also were excellent; whilst the *caladiums*, fine-leaved stove plants, were shown in rich variety, with foliage of great size and varied colour, by Messrs. J. Laing and Sons, J. Veitch and Sons, and Messrs. J. Peed and Sons. Mr. Iceton, of Putney, had a noble assortment of palms, and Messrs. Fromow and Son, of Chiswick, maples, which are shrubs of varied leaf, form, and colour.



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WEBB'S EXHIBIT.

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Fruit and vegetables formed an important part of the exhibition. A delightfully fresh exhibit was that of Messrs. Rivers, of Sawbridge-worth—nectarines, peaches, and cherries, in pots. Early Rivers nectarine is a variety worth special commendation. Messrs. Bunyard and Co., of Maidstone, showed also fruit trees in pots and a wonderful collection of apples stored in the fruit-house illustrated and described in *COUNTRY LIFE*. This exhibit created much interest. Another charming display consisted of the strawberries in pots, arranged with maidenhair ferns, from the great strawberry growers and raisers, Messrs. Laxton, of Bedford. On a single plant there were no fewer than fourteen fruits. Sir J. Pease, Bart., M.P., contributed from his delightful gardens at Hutton Hall, Guisborough, melons, cherries, and other fruits; whilst, of course, amongst vegetables, Messrs. Sutton and Sons maintained a great reputation by showing splendid produce. Especially noteworthy were the new tomato, Winter Beauty, and the early peas. Messrs. J. Carter and Co. were again exhibitors of vegetables showing excellent culture, and represented by new and popular kinds, some raised by the firm.



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ROSES SHOWN BY PAUL AND SON, OF WALTHAM CROSS.

"C.L."

SHOOTING GOSSIP.

GROUSE have had no reason to love "faire May," and grouse shooters will probably find that her storms have robbed them of a goodly amount of sport. For on the mountain tops rain spells sleet, and a continuance of it means swollen streams that carry away the nests and eggs on their banks. Grouse prefer to nest within easy reach of running water, but they cannot remember, apparently, that the floodgates are sometimes opened, turning tiny rivulets into roaring torrents. The best month of the whole year for inspecting a grouse moor, previous to leasing it, is July. Even without a dog one can then very quickly ascertain whether the ground is well stocked, whereas in May and June it is difficult to discover whether the heather has its complement of feathered occupants or not. In a year like this it is rash to lease a moor without having seen it, relying perhaps on previous years' bags, or it may be a report from last year's tenant. Even keepers themselves may be unaware of the final results of the heavy rains of May, which would have affected some shootings more than others, according to their various configurations and altitudes. The number of nests may be no guide to the number of birds that are to break their shells during the present month, nor to the number of those birds that may be so wanting in vitality that they are bound to succumb to chance thunder-storms, should they occur within a week or so of the hatching. A fine June would do much to bring even weakly broods to the August gun in fair condition.

Meantime some sportsmen have been deciding to run the gauntlet of a poor grouse year, and secure their shootings betimes. Where stalking can be enjoyed there is method in such seeming madness, for the cold of May has not much prejudiced the condition of deer in the Northern corries. With an open winter deer early recovered condition after the end of the rutting season; and though pasture may have been somewhat retarded in growth, at the time when it usually springs up most luxuriantly, there was no such absence of good grazing as could have worked for evil in the forests. Deer ground by itself, or in conjunction with grouse ground, therefore, has been in demand, and several excellent places were last month leased by well-known sportsmen. Among them we may mention the extensive forest of Letterewe, in Ross-shire, which has found a tenant recently in Sir Peter Walker, Bart. Besides deer-stalking and grouse-shooting there is excellent salmon and trout fishing on Letterewe, which may, therefore, be regarded as one of the ideal sporting quarters in the Highlands when one gets there. Its one disadvantage is its distance from a railway station, though some people might consider this in another and different light. Then an equally fine shooting, and much more accessible, is Rannoch Lodge, in Perthshire, taken by Lord Durham. Seven hundred brace of grouse and thirty stags should satisfy the veriest glutton for sport, especially when enjoyed amidst lovely scenery, and while staying in a luxurious shooting-box, situated in the prettiest district in Perthshire. The fishing, however, except for loch trout, is poor, but many devotees of the gun care naught for the salmon-rod, especially in the autumn. A noted forest again is Auchnashellach, on the Skye Railway route to the west of Ross-shire. It has been used again and again to point the moral of the immense increase in value of Scottish sporting ground. It has successively passed into possession of many proprietors, always at an increased price, having last been sold by Lord Wimborne to Mr. Emerson Bainbridge. Mr. Clayton Shaw has recently taken it for the stalking season, and he is certain to find some royal heads on the ground that has so long yielded them every season. In the same county, Captain Dennistoun, a well-known stalker, and the son of an equally keen one in his time, has become tenant of Inverlael, one of the newer forests, having been cleared only within the last quarter of a century. It yields about thirty stags to a good stalker, and some 300 brace of grouse, and there is a suspicion of salmon-fishing and some trouting. Lord Arthur Wellesley has gone to Aberdeenshire this year for his shooting quarters, and has selected Byth, a very desirable place in the Turriff district of that county. Faskally, one of the prettiest lodges and nicest moors in Perthshire, has found a tenant in Mr. G. Harland Peck, and in

the same county the Hon. Francis J. Moncrieff has leased Derculich, a nice lodge and good shooting. Mr. Danckwerts may be regarded as very fortunate in having obtained a sub-lease of Syre, in Sutherlandshire, one of the best grouse moors in that very sporting county, and a good grouse moor has also been secured by Mr. William Hughes in Scotsdale, in Caithness-shire. Of other well-known grouse shootings, we may mention the letting of Bighouse in Sutherlandshire to Major Harvey, Dalcross near Inverness to Lord Halsbury, Straton close by to Colonel Barrow, Dalmigavie in Inverness-shire to Mr. Coles Child, Tulliebelton in Perthshire to Mr. C. Part, Auchenlochan in Argyllshire to Mr. Mappin, Castlehill in Caithness-shire to Major Traill, and in Perthshire, Riemore to Mr. D. M. Forbes, Middle Balnald to Major A. O. White, and Portan-eilean to Mr. Cowan. NEVIS.

FROM THE PAVILION.

WARM sun and a drying wind have soon shown bowlers that they are not autocrats, for long scores by sides and by individuals came into blossom directly wickets grew hard. Of individuals Abel deserves first mention for his big total, unfinished, because he was left to bloom alone, of 357, the second highest on record in big matches. It was as great a feat of endurance as of skill, and was practically faultless; but the bowling of the opposition county, Somerset, is dreadfully weak now that Tyler is disabled, and the southern tour of the county resulted in three single innings defeats—not an exhilarating record. There were doubtless many who rejoiced, from selfish motives, at the defeat of Yorkshire by Middlesex, but the latter county, whose difficulties are always greater in June than in August, has made so fine a start that its possibilities are great. Certainly in Trot, Hearn, and Roche it has an unmatched trio of bowlers, while there is also much batting about; Trot, indeed, is one of the best all-round players in the world. Oxford played a very nice game with the Australians, and though the latter would probably have won, it was creditable indeed to have extended them and to be able to say that an undergraduate, F. H. B. Champain to wit, was the first man to score a century against them. The trouble between W. G. Grace and the Gloucestershire committee is greatly to be deplored, though those who were "in the know" had heard the grumblings of the distant storm. It is no one's business to peep behind the scenes, though we all may hope, and probably do hope, that any wounds that are open may yet be cured by the judicious salve of mutual concession. "W. G.'s" 175 not out, scored against Worcestershire, was a very good display, I hear, but it may have made him stiff and tired for the first test match, of which more anon. The great man's innings in the big match was certainly not worthy of him.

Kent was an easy victim for Essex, but, thanks to Burnup, gave M.C.C. a capital game, and fought the big club to two wickets. The aforesaid Burnup had a good, consistent week with the bat, his scores being 19, 43, 61, and 79; he has had some ideal and useful practice. A curious incident occurred in this match. Ford hit a ball back to the bowler at a tremendous pace. It struck the bottom of the bowler's wicket at, presumably, the exact point of greatest resistance, and then rebounded a full 22yds. to the batsman's wicket. Can this be paralleled?

Hayward's and V. F. S. Crawford's scores were so overshadowed by Abel's that they have hardly had their due; yet both played admirably, and "V. F. S." hit with refreshing freedom. When he is well initiated into first-class cricket he will make some bowlers sit up, as he plays with refreshing freedom.

Yorkshire's defeat of Hants was highly creditable, as three of her best men, all bowlers, were battling for England at Nottingham, while similarly the absence of Tyldesley may account for the defeat of Lancashire by Leicestershire; some 80 runs might well have come from his skilful hand.

It is curious that so little excitement was evoked by the first test match with the Australians. Even the halfpenny evening papers kept their heads cool and "slowed down" on their posters, while the tape messages at Lord's caused but languid enthusiasm. Was it because we never looked like winning? Or because the match was played at a new venue? Whatever the cause, the result remains that at Lord's, at least, the match between the M.C.C. and Australians is, at the time of writing, exciting far more interest. One has a sense of mixed satisfaction at the result of the Nottingham game, as it is always gratifying to escape defeat, but it was a humiliating escape, the only cause for exultation being the fine play of Ranjitsinhji, which recalls his great *tour de force* at Manchester three years ago. However, the end of the game shows that though we were morally beaten there is still a certain amount of dogged resistance left in us, for it was no mean feat to keep up the wickets for three and a-half hours in the teeth of some remarkably fine bowling. Taking the match as a whole there was much sound cricket, but little that could be called brilliant. W. J. FORD,



IT is probable that "India's utmost isle, Taprobane," will always maintain that reputation as a sporting country which was first established—or rather first became famous—by the publication of Sir Samuel Baker's well-known works. Ceylon has always been noted for three branches of sport—its snipe-shooting, its elephant-shooting, and its "elk-hunting."

Of the former I propose only to write very briefly to-day. The record, I believe, of Ceylon snipe-shooting still remains that of the muzzle-loader—100 couple in one day. It was made by a Ceylon civil servant called Tranchell, early in the present reign. We must remember, however, that in such shooting the hammerless ejector of to-day has very little advantage over two muzzle-loaders with a competent man to charge them; and snipe were certainly more numerous then, at least near centres of civilisation. Still, bags of thirty to fifty couple may yet be made—by those who know where to go for them.

In any case, the sportsman who goes from England is not likely to go for snipe. The elephant-shooting of Ceylon is probably as good as it ever was; certainly the best in Asia, and also the easiest obtainable anywhere in the world. The reason that Ceylon elephants have not been exterminated is that they have always been carefully preserved by the Government, which regulates the shooting according to the number of animals, the idea being not to keep much more or much less than 2,000 head. In order to effect this, orders are issued from time to time, either permitting, regulating, or absolutely forbidding elephant-shooting. The former is hardly likely to be done again, unless the animals should become very destructive. The second is the plan most likely to continue, and is carried out by issuing so many licences to kill elephants—at so much per head. The third is enforced if the head of elephants gets rather low, but even then there are generally one or two known rogues, on whose head there is a reward for the delectation of any sportsman who cares to act as a modern St. George. Still, before going to Ceylon for elephant-shooting, it is better to write first and ascertain what number will be allowed, and at what price.

I must confess that I formerly held the opinion—now pronounced by naturalists to be erroneous—that the elephant of Ceylon and that of India were two different animals. They certainly differ a good deal in appearance, the island animal being leggier and less high-bred-looking. Moreover, not one

bull in a thousand carries tusks. As a rule, they have short tusches, a foot or so long. So that not much is to be obtained in the way of trophies, except feet, which make up in so many ways—cigar cabinets, liqueur stands, umbrella racks, to quote a few—strips of hide for table-tops, and tails, which last have a value only to a sportsman's eye. Of course one can, as a brother officer of mine did, bring home a couple of entire skulls to grace one's ancestral halls, but the transport is likely to be difficult and expensive. However, we must first "catch our elephant," to misquote Mrs. Glasse, before we need think about trophies.

The East Coast of Ceylon is, and always will be, the stronghold of the wild elephant. Of course, elephants appear occasionally, and often most unexpectedly, throughout the central parts of the island, but the headquarters, nevertheless, are in the jungles extending from the eastward hills to the sea, and those on both sides of the Matale-Trincomalee Road. The easiest, and perhaps the least unhealthy, are those near the

boundary between the Eastern and Southern Provinces. The usual method is to begin from the southward, but it might possibly be better, for this very reason, to make a start from Batticaloa. Whether this, or the next steamer-port south, Hambantota, is selected, it is desirable to have one's outfit, bullock-carts, tents, and stores, collected before one's arrival. A great thing to remember is plenty of rice, for nothing can be more annoying than to be obliged to leave good ground because one's people are short of food. More rice, of course, involves more carts, and more

carts, again, involve more rice, so it is a little difficult to get the matter nicely adjusted. The language presents no difficulty, as plenty of reliable English-speaking servants can always be obtained at Colombo; and these cook so well that it is quite unnecessary to take a lot of tinned foods. Some simple drugs, a bottle of brandy, a filter, tobacco, and whisky make up the list of stores.

The battery I recommend is two heavy double rifles, an Express, single if desired, and a shot-gun. I have always used twelve-bore rifles for big game, and personally like the steel-pointed conical bullet, but I am told the hardened spherical is now more fashionable. This, I think, is a minor point, the great thing being to put at least five or six drachms of Curtis and Harvey behind the projectile. Such rifles, of course, should have an anti-recoil heel-plate. The best clothing is green-drab



ON THE TRACK OF A HERD.

drill, with a large pith hat to match, and brown canvas boots. Leech gaiters are desirable to exclude these jungle pests, and over these ordinary shooting stockings may be worn.

After leaving our selected steamer-port, nothing much need be expected for some days, but the monotony of the march may be broken, and the pot helped, by quest of jungle and spur fowl, quail, snipe, and hares with the shot-gun, and of deer and peacock with the Express. Young peafowl are excellent eating. As we approach the elephant ground, the activity of a servant, hitherto not mentioned, the "tracker," comes into play. His first task is by keeping ahead to ascertain the whereabouts of the game. Each sportsman has a tracker, so that two or three go over a good deal of ground. When the general whereabouts of a herd at a reasonable distance from camp is ascertained, an early start is made next morning. Before very long traces are found, and the almost nude tracker hurries on, here pointing to a footmark, a broken branch, or other sign. Where these are present even a European can satisfy himself that he is ON THE TRACK OF A HERD; but when the line has to be carried through a mass of other tracks, or even over bare rock, the trained eye of the tracker is required. At last signs prove that the game is not far ahead; rifles are loaded, and the coolies with lunch, etc., are left behind. Sometimes the herd will be feeding and working gradually onwards, at others ENJOYING A SIESTA. A cautious approach is made to leeward. Stealing from one tree trunk to another, the sportsman reaches a distance of some score yards or less from his selected victim. The rule in elephant-shooting is to aim for the opposite ear—that is, somewhat below the ear nearest one. Bang! goes the heavy rifle. If the aim was true, the brain is penetrated, and the great beast lies dead. Very often, however, the fall is only followed by a hasty recovery. Again the rifle rings out, the damp jungle is swallowed up in the smoke, and on every side loud trumpeting and crashings through the bamboos resound. Another chance may be obtained at one of the confused animals. Such moments are glorious while they last, but soon silence, only broken by the distant flight of the herd, reigns again. One, or perhaps two, huge pachyderms lie dead, and on one of these the successful sportsman seats himself and shouts for a drink.

Such is herd-elephant shooting. There are, of course, other phases, some less successful. At any rate, the true sportsman will soon weary of it, and desire his tracker to devote all his energies to bringing him (or rather them, for in this case it is certainly better not to be alone) face to face with an *alion* (solitary). The tables will then be turned; the quarry will



ENJOYING A SIESTA.

welcome the presence of man, not flee from it; will himself begin the action, nor desist till one of the opposing parties be dead, or at least desperately wounded. But I must refer the reader to the many books describing such a duel.

Besides elephants, the sportsman may expect to kill buffaloes, somewhat smaller but quite as dangerous as those of India, axis deer, and pig.

The cost of a month's trip in the Ceylon jungles may be taken roughly at £1 a day per sportsman. But this does not include licences (as these vary) and personal servant's wages, and is calculated on a basis of several sportsmen combining. Still, it must be admitted that, including steamer fares, hotel bills, and everything, it contrasts favourably with the expense of sport in such countries as Somaliland. The best time to go is soon after the New Year.

I have still to speak of the third representative sport of Ceylon, that with the hound. The sambur deer, which is known to local sportsmen as the elk, is fairly plentiful in most of the wilder mountain districts of Ceylon, though I doubt if a pack kept at Newera ELLIYA, where the Bakers did most of their hunting, would often find nowadays. The nature of the ground makes it impossible to ride in elk-hunting; and for the same reason the use of tufters is impossible, and one is obliged to hunt whatever animal the pack settles down to.

In former days packs of elkhounds were very scratch affairs, which, properly speaking, could never have killed a sambur. They were, however, really only used to drive them out of the jungles situate among the coffee plantations. On the more open ground one or more couples of great hounds, known from their use as "seizers," were posted in charge of a sportsman or of a native. The place for these was carefully selected on the probable line of the deer, and, as soon as it was sighted, they were slipped, and soon drove it to the nearest water, or even pulled it down. Deerhounds, kangaroo-hounds, Rampur-hounds, or poligars, or a cross of these, were generally employed for this purpose, and, of course, they ran solely by sight. Such packs may still be found in the remoter districts, but as a rule nowadays A PLANTER'S PACK consists, like that shown in the photograph, entirely of English hounds. The keeping up of such a pack in a country where the freight from home alone comes to some £8 a couple is an expensive matter, for hounds are short-lived in a tropical climate, and some fall victims to leopards, snakes, boar, and even porcupines.

The *modus operandi* is simple. An early start is made for a jungle known, or believed, to hold elk. The hounds, being thrown into covert in the orthodox manner, probably soon find. Then



A PLANTER'S PACK.

the difficulty is to keep with them, or rather sufficiently near them, to be at hand when the deer takes soil, which it will generally do in one of the many streams long before it is "properly run up," as they say on Exmoor. For this reason, and because no lasso is used, as in Devonshire, the knifeing of a big Ceylon stag is what is called there somewhat *perilily* (an expressive Tamil word which surely requires no translation), and one sportsman at least has so lost his life. Another lost his reputation through being detected in trying to give a stag the *coup de grace* in safety by first tying his knife to an umbrella! But that is another story.

The magnificent scenery, the noble nature of the quarry, the exhilarating cry of hounds, and even the physical exertion required, all combine to make elk-hunting most delightful. Sometimes hounds get on the scent of other denizens of the jungle, such as the red deer (muntjac), which never leaves the covert, or, with sad consequences to themselves, the mighty boar, the porcupine, or even the leopard.

In conclusion, it must be remembered that from a sporting point of view it has been truly said, "Ceylon is a young man's country; India an old man's." The comforts and facilities of the latter are unknown in the former. SNAFFLE.

THE LEYSWOOD HACKNEYS.

THE value of the Hackney horse as a harness animal, and as a sire of high-actioned harness horses, at a time like the present, when the taste of the public lies all in the direction of speedy sizeable stepping horses for harness work, cannot be over-estimated. At the same time, it is extremely probable that, had it not been for the foundation of the Hackney Horse Society by Sir Walter Gilbey, the late Mr. Anthony Hamond, and a few other enthusiasts some sixteen years ago, this valuable English breed of horse would have become extinct, or very nearly so, by now. The truth is that the Hackney had been losing ground steadily since the establishment of railways in country places, as the farmers of East Anglia and Yorkshire, which districts were the strongholds of the Hackney, had begun to travel to market by train instead of riding thither as their fathers had, and the result was that the Hackney was neglected by them.

However, when the Hackney Horse Society came into existence, the farmers who had remained loyal to the Hackney reaped the full reward of their devotion to the breed, for as the brilliant action and other merits of this horse became better known, the public attached additional value to him as a harness animal; and now Hackney studs are not only to be found in all parts of the kingdom, but in the colonies, the United States, and on the Continent as well. Owing perhaps to the resuscitation of the Hackney being a comparatively recent event, there is an erroneous impression abroad in some quarters that he is a production of modern breeders; but this is wrong, for many a Hackney now in the Stud Book can trace his pedigree back to the source from which the great thorough-bred Eclipse sprang, thus proving that the breed is both an ancient and a valuable one.

In estimating the merits of a Hackney, the great question of action forms a very important item for consideration. Here, too, lies one of the principal points upon which the breed bases its claims to be regarded favourably by the driving public, for no



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'COUNTRY LIFE.'

horse that stands on iron can bend his knees and flex his hocks better than, or as well as, the Hackney. Most of them can trot faster than they can gallop, whilst ninety-nine per cent. can move; in fact, the gift of going is inherent to the Hackney, whilst his stamina is undeniable. The road record in America of the Hackney stallion, County Member, Junior, a son of Sir Walter Gilbey's well-known County Member, and a winner in the show-ring himself on this side of the Atlantic, has done much to promote the popularity of the Hackney in the United States, as a horse that can convey two men in an ordinary hooded buggy on a hilly road of over seventy miles, at an average speed of ten miles an hour, cannot belong to a race that is otherwise than stout as well as speedy. Small wonder, therefore, that the Hackney Horse Society has been strengthened by the support of the most prominent horse-lovers of the day, and it may be added that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is an ardent admirer of the breed, and has obtained as much as 1,000 guineas for a pair of harness horses bred from Hackney sires.

Very prominent, too, amongst the South of England studs is that which the late Mr. James W. Temple founded at Leyswood, near Groombridge, in Kent; and it may truthfully be stated that few, if any, Hackney breeders of modern times have won so many or so valuable prizes with animals of their own breeding as did the gentleman whose death was so universally deplored last autumn. Mr. Temple, moreover, was a breeder who possessed ideas of his own regarding what not only a Hackney but a harness horse should be, and as in the formation of his stud the question of money was entirely a matter of secondary consideration, there is a sortness and an adhesion to one type about the Leyswood horses that can be met with in very few breeding establishments. Consequently the dispersal of this leading stud, though a matter of deep regret to Hackney men of all denominations, by reason of the death of so princely a supporter of the breed, will provide an opportunity for those desirous of possessing the highest class of harness horse



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LADY GORDON AND FILLY.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

to gratify their ambition. It is also worthy of remark that Mr. Temple was a breeder who believed, and very rightly so, that the best policy was to work his brood mares, as he entertained the opinion that the offspring of animals that have been broken and used for saddle and harness purposes are themselves far more likely to develop into useful horses. It will therefore be seen that the proportion of Hackney mares belonging to the Leyswood Stud that have won prizes in saddle and leather is unusually large, and no doubt the fact will commend them to the attention of buyers on June 22nd, when the sale is held.

Conspicuous amongst the brood mares is the incomparable LADY DEREHAM, by Ritualist out of Dorothy, the dam of Sir Walter Gilbey's champion stallion, Royal Danegelt, at last year's show of the Hackney Horse Society, and herself four times a winner at the "Royal," and twice at Islington, in the brood mare classes; besides which this magnificent animal has won over half a hundred prizes at minor shows, both in saddle and in hand. Her chestnut filly foal by Royal Danegelt aforesaid is not only a wonderful mover, but represents a very interesting experiment in inbreeding which is likely to cause her to sell well. The grey LADY GORDON, too, is a mare that has won heaps of prizes as a brood mare, and also in saddle and harness; and a really beautiful type of Hackney she is, whilst her pedigree, by that grand little horse and great winner, General Gordon, dam by Fireaway, is just as good as could be desired by the most fastidious seeker after blood. Her chestnut filly foal by Garton Duke of Connaught, one of the most fashionable and successful sires of the day, is a born mover, and as typical as she is well bred.

In OAKLEIGH MELODY, a bay daughter of Doctor Syntax and Silver, one finds a great raking 15h. 3in. mare, that has not only won in a breeding class, but is good in saddle, and has been driven in a team; whilst her foal by Doncaster is so finely proportioned, and so large in size, that excellent judgment was exercised when she was put to that sire again. Shirley is a chestnut by the expatriated Cadet, a horse that has not only earned for himself a great reputation as a stallion in this country, but who has done wonders in the way of improving the harness horses of America, to which country he was expatriated some few years ago.

LADY MADISON, by Evolution, a famous prize-winner, is not only the possessor of one of the sweetest forehands in the Hackney world, but is also a brilliant mover, and has won first prizes at the Hackney Society's, the Royal Counties, the great Yorkshire, and other most important shows, added to which she goes in saddle and harness; whilst her foal by Polonius, a horse that did Lord Londesborough such excellent service, is a real beauty. LADY GODIVA, by the well-known mover All Fours, dam Lady Gordon, is, like most of her shapely dam's stock, a grey; and this is a wonderfully-topped mare, and quiet in saddle and harness, added to which she is a first prize winner at the



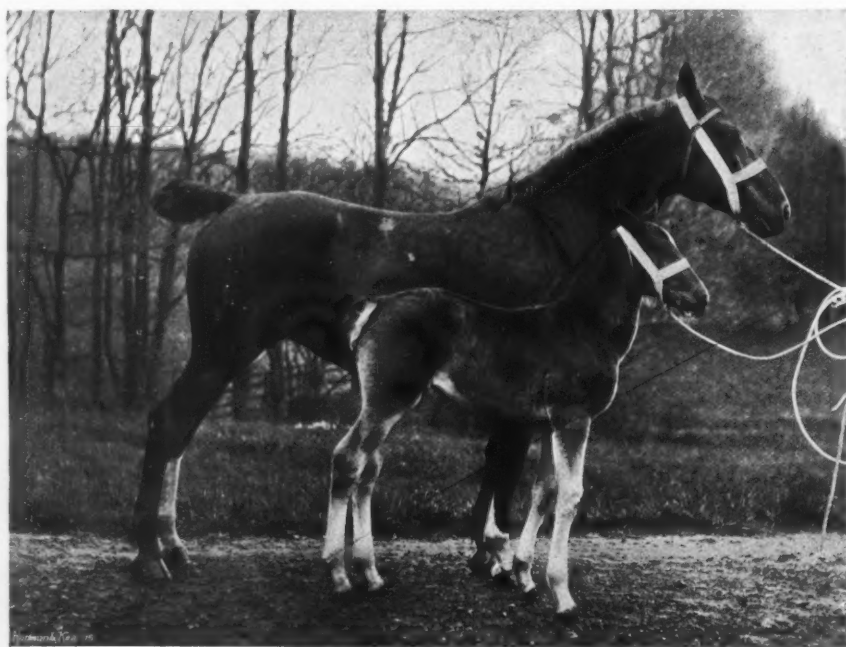
Copyright OAKLEIGH MELODY AND COLT BY DONCASTER. "C.L."

Southern Counties' Show (three times), the Notts County Show, and at Cardiff, while she has also been "in the money" at the Hackney Society's London exhibition.

In addition to these famous exhibition Hackney mares, the Leyswood Stud is singularly rich in cob matrons of pure Hackney blood, any and all of which are capable of producing that great desideratum, a first-rate Hackney pony, for which class of animal there is always a great demand, and at prices which would surprise the uninitiated world. Amongst these may be mentioned Miss Doncaster, a winner of first prizes at Cardiff, and twice at Tunbridge Wells, by Doncaster, dam Shirley, a wonderfully high goer that also uses her hocks, and is quiet in saddle and all harness, whilst Lady Emscote, the chestnut daughter of the champion sire Danegelt, is a really workman-like little mare that has not yet been shown, though she is quite good enough to be entered anywhere. Then, too, the admirers of that good hard colour, roan, will find the shapely, speedy, high-actioned Carmen Sylva to attract their notice, and as she won second at the Hackney Horse Society's London show to the Champion Pepita, her merits speak for themselves. Prudence, too, is a gem of a pony, and fit for any lady to drive, added to which she goes very high and is fast. There are many young Hackneys of the highest quality and bluest blood included in the fifty-five lots that will come up for disposal on June 22nd, but space forbids that all can receive the notice their merits entitle them to; but the superb grey, Lady Gordon of Connaught, and the red roan, Sunshine, are a pair of fillies that have already made their mark in the show-ring, and must prove worthy members of any stud, whilst amongst the yearlings and foals, both colts and fillies, are not some, but many, that will carry the fame of Leyswood throughout the country.

Any reference to the Leyswood Stud would be incomplete without an allusion to the Sultan of the establishment, Doncaster, a wonderfully well-bred and most excellent Hackney that has not only won prizes in the very best of company himself, but is also the sire of many winners at all the leading shows. Doncaster, however, is not included in the great sale, as his long and faithful service is to be rewarded by a life of ease and luxury in his old home; but in Lord Marton, a well-known winner, Hackney breeders in search of a sire possessed of action, size, and substance combined with style will find all that they require.

Some most excellent ride and drive Hackneys are also included in this dispersal sale, amongst the most conspicuous of which are May Queen and Auckland, an extra high-actioned and fine-mannered pair of chestnuts, and brilliant movers each of them. A showy, stylish chestnut, too, is Leyswood Grace, and the gelding Tokarmaru is just the sort of animal which it would be impossible to put in his wrong place in harness, whilst, on the other hand, his shape and make and action and manners appear to qualify him admirably for an elderly gentleman's hack. Colonel Gordon



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is a grey that is also quiet to ride and drive; moreover, he is a prize-winner; whilst the beautiful black Gentleman Joe IV., by Gentleman John, the stallion which won the sire prize at the last Hackney Horse Society's Show in London, is a most brilliant mover, and fills the eye as the *beau ideal* of a buggy horse. Lord Emscote, too, is a sensational mover all round, before whom a great future in the show-ring as a harness horse should lie, and this colt is certain to attract judges on June 22nd.

The horse enthusiast could write many columns regarding the plethora of equine riches contained in the Leyswood Stud, did not the exigencies of space preclude the indulgence in so congenial a task. It therefore is impossible to refer at length to the style and quality and action of such almost perfect Hackneys as Bury Sunbeam, Lady Muriel, Lady Spec, Philippine Watton, Dolly Dereham, and their stable companions, but it may conscientiously be written that no better lot of Hackneys has yet been included in the catalogue of any sale. It is melancholy to contemplate the dispersal of such a stud, yet by the evening of June 22nd these superb animals will all possess new owners, for the sale which will take place on the premises on that day will be absolutely without reserve. Groombridge, the nearest station to Leyswood, it may be added, is the stopping-place this side of Maidstone, and the sale will be conducted by Messrs. Sexton, Grimwade, and Beck, of King's Lynn, who are now employed in preparing for one of the most important functions over which they have in their long and varied experience presided. Thus horse-lovers who are desirous of adding to their stables may do far worse than wait till June 22nd.



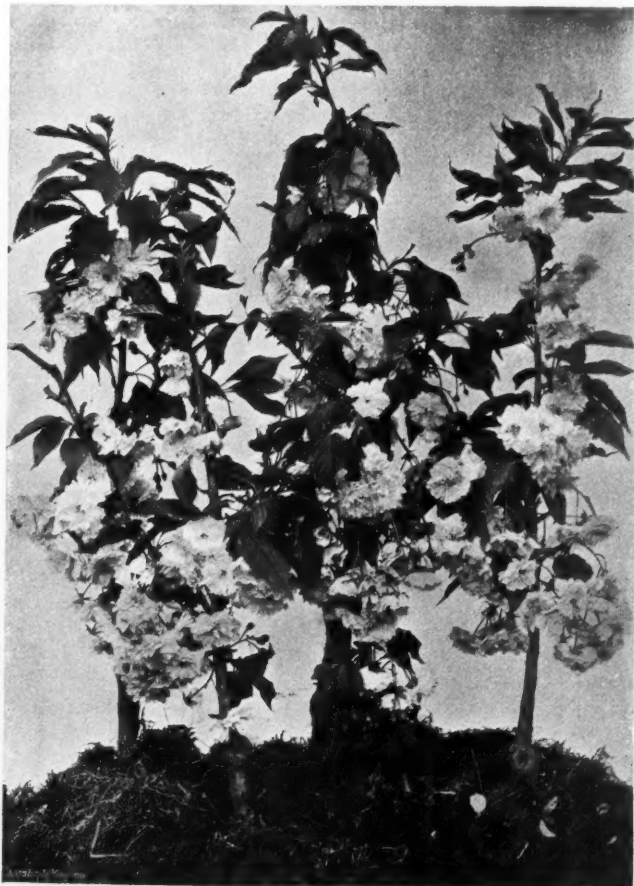
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LADY GODIVA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



WE often hear from readers of COUNTRY LIFE that the illustrations in our series "Gardens Old and New" are quite a revelation of unknown beauties to them; and while the Editor has a long list of such gardens which he has permission to photograph, he would appreciate



A NEW JAPANESE CHERRY.

suggestions for any others of which his correspondents have personal knowledge. It would be of assistance in making a selection if, in sending lists, rough photographs of the gardens from various points of view could be sent. Also the Editor particularly wishes to say that lavish expenditure is by no means necessary in the creation of gardens of the kind he loves to illus rate.

THE FOAM FLOWER.

This is the pretty English name of *Tiarella cordifolia*, an interesting border plant, hidden at this time beneath the dense covering of fleecy spikes. The *Tiarella* is spoilt unless in a place where it can spread freely to form into rich groups, and in partial shade, on the fringe may be, of some cool, moist wood, it becomes in time thoroughly established, extending itself on all sides with picturesque results. An irregular group is delightful, and in the early June days is thick with blossom, which, when faded, exposes the prettily-coloured leaves. As in the case of the *Heucheras* the *Tiarella* is worth growing for its foliage alone. The Foam flower, besides being let to run into broad groups, forms a carpet plant of much interest, a groundwork from which Lilies and things of tall growth can rise. Scarlet Gesners' Tulip and *Tiarella* form a rich contrast, and in other ways the plant can be used. If the short-tailed field mice is common watch the *Tiarella*, as the little marauder will devour every spike. If the strongest growth is desired it is advisable to divide the plant every second year, as after then its flowers become fewer and poorer.

A NEW JAPANESE CHERRY.

It is a pleasure to illustrate a beautiful new-flowering tree, and the Japanese Cherry, shown in the accompanying reproduction, is an acquisition to English gardens. *Cerasus Pseudo-cerasus* James H. Veitch is the cumbersome name of a delightful Japanese Cherry discovered by Mr. Veitch, of the firm of Messrs. Veitch and Sons, Chelsea, when travelling in Japan a few years ago. The flowers are quite zin. across, each a dainty rosette, and deep rose-pink, whilst they cluster thickly upon the graceful shoots, gaining in depth of hue from the contrast of bronzy-purple leaves. It may be compared to the well-known *Watereri*, but the present form is wonderfully distinct, and blooms from a fortnight to three weeks later, thus happily prolonging the season of a flower one is loth to lose. Mr. Veitch must be congratulated upon his discovery. The tree that bears his name will take its place in all good gardens, and beautify them with a wealth of exquisite blossom.

THE MAGNOLIAS.

These form a noble group of flowering shrubs or small trees, some noteworthy for their huge fragrant flowers, others for their broad, handsome leaves. Generally spring is the flowering time, and one or two, the *Yulan* and its varieties in particular, bloom so early that frosts occasionally spoil their beauty. Though Magnolias are not troublesome to manage, certain conditions produce the richest growth. A deep, loamy, moist, but not stagnant, soil is the best foundation, and, as the roots are not very strong, few fibres being produced, transplanting must be carefully performed. It is for this reason that the plants are kept in pots. Propagation is not in any case rapid, layering where possible being advisable, but two or three years must elapse before the layers can be removed. The most popular kinds in this family are the following:

M. acuminata.—This is the Magnolia called familiarly the Cucumber Tree, and there are noble specimens of it in English gardens. It forms quite a tree with a spreading head, the leaves of oval shape and 6in. in length. The flowers are not conspicuous by reason of their greenish-yellow colour, which is not distinctly seen against the foliage, but they possess much quiet beauty.

M. conspicua.—This is the Lily Tree or *Yulan*, as beautiful as any flower of spring, its pearly-white flowers like Water Lilies resting on the bare branches. The shrub is of bushy growth, and the flowers appear in April before the foliage, when it has the appearance of a huge snow drift, so pure and distinct is the blossom. Of this there are several varieties, one called *Soulargeana*, which flowers a few days later, and distinguished by strains of purple upon the petals. *Nigra* is darker still.

M. glauca is the Laurel Magnolia of the Eastern United States, growing between 6ft. and 12ft. in height, with leaves not unlike those of the Laurel, hence the English name. One can always tell when this Magnolia is in bloom by the sweet fragrance exhaled from the creamy-white flowers in midsummer.

M. Lenzii.—This is quite a bushy kind, and, when not more than 6ft. high, will bloom freely, its large flowers appearing before the leaves, and their rich, rose-purple colour is inviting. It is one of the most handsome of early-flowering Magnolias.

M. macrophylla.—Unfortunately it is advisable to plant this Magnolia only in sheltered places, where the leaves are not likely to get torn by high winds, as

these measure sometimes a yard in length and nearly a foot across. This *Magnolia* should be grown simply for its beautiful foliage, but there are flowers also, white with purple centre. Their fragrance is deliciously sweet.

M. parviflora is a Japanese species about which we have yet to learn much concerning its hardiness and therefore adaptability for English gardens. There is, however, so far, no reason to doubt its success in our own climate. It is suitable to make a group of or plant singly in small gardens, as the flowers appear when the plant is not more than a yard high. The buds are of globular form, and, when the petals are fully expanded, the flower measures about 4in. across, creamy white, relieved by a tuft of crimson anthers in the centre.

M. stellata or *Halleana*, as it is also called, is one of the most charming of all spring flowering shrubs. It is quite dwarf, and should be grouped upon the lawn, not thrust amongst other shrubs possibly of far stronger growth. It flowers before any species, followed closely by *M. conspicua*, and every shoot is covered with the pure white starry flowers, each about 3in. across, and very charming, it need scarcely be written, upon a sunny spring day. There is a variety with flowers of a blush colour, but this is rarer.

M. tripetala is a tree, known also as *M. umbrellata*, with leaves fully 18in. in length, and arranged so regularly at the points of the shoots that the name Umbrella Tree has been given to it. It is handsome, almost stately, and the creamy-white flowers which appear at this time are sweetly scented.

There are a few other *Magnolias* which should not be omitted from a complete collection, but those named above are the most precious. The early-flowering *M. conspicua* is best placed in some recess in the woodland, or where its flower-laden shoots are thrown into relief by a background of dark-leaved shrubs.

BULBS NOT FLOWERING.

It unfortunately happens sometimes that Daffodils and Tulips fail to flower. This is disappointing, but usually the fault is not due to poor bulbs but to thick planting. Always remember that bulbs require space as much as any other flower, but this is impossible when they are planted so close together that no room is left for future growth. When the leaves have quite died down, not before, lift the bulbs that have not flowered satisfactorily and keep them during the summer in boxes of silver sand if of choice varieties, and plant in early September, or transfer them to the position in which one wishes them to bloom next spring at once. It is as well to lift all Daffodils once in two or three years, where they are in the garden, as the growers for market obtain their noble flowers by this process. Of course when naturalised in meadowland it is a different matter, as there one lets the Daffodil wander at will.

HYBRID RHODODENDRONS OF FINE COLOUR.

"H." sends the following list of Rhododendrons as of merit for the colour of the flowers. Perhaps some of our readers can improve upon the selection. There are so many poor shades amongst the Rhododendrons that it is important to obtain the purest and the best of them. "Altaclarensis, scarlet; Atro-sanguineum, blood; Baron Osy, cream, blotched with maroon; Blandyanum, reddish crimson; Brilliant, scarlet in colour; Broughtonianum, rosy red; Caractacus, purple-crimson; Cruentum, rich lake colour; Duleep Sing, blackish crimson; Duchess of Connaught, white, marked with yellow; Everestianum, rose-lilac; Francis B. Hayes, white, blotched with maroon; Florence, pink; Fred Waterer, brilliant crimson; Helen Waterer, white, with red edge; Helene Schiffner, pure white; James Marshall Brooks, scarlet; John Waterer, glowing

crimson; Joseph Whitworth, purple lake; Kate Waterer, deep rose; Lady Eleanor Cathcart, rose, spotted with chocolate; Lord Eversley, scarlet-crimson; Michael Waterer, rosy scarlet; Minnie, blush white; Mr. John Clutton, white; Nobleanum, scarlet, early-flowering variety; Old Port, rich plum colour; Rosalie Siedel, white, with pink spots; Sir Humphrey de Trafford, rose, with yellow centre; and W. E. Gladstone, rose-crimson."

ORNITHOGALUM NUTANS.

Few of the *Ornithogalums* are better known than this silvery-grey flower, which in borders is a pest, because it spreads so freely that other things have a poor chance to extend. But in the wilder parts, by woodland walks, where one wishes the plant to run hither and thither unmolested, this flower is delightful. Its racemes of drooping flowers are full of quiet charm, and the bulb is so vigorous that even in grassland it will thrive.

WALLS OF FLOWERS.

It is seldom that every opportunity is taken in gardens of making flowery spots where it is quite possible to achieve beautiful results. An old wall is often a place that may be used for the growth of a host of lovely alpine and other flowers, *Aubrietias*, *Gentianella*, *Coronilla*, *Toadflax*, white *Arabis*, *Arenaria*, *Snapsdragon*, or *Antirrhinum*, *Polypody*, and other Ferns, and even Pansies. In the early spring a wall may be a sheet of blossom by planting the *Aubrietias* which in time will grow sufficiently fast to hang down in profusion, every nook and cranny covered with growth which in the early spring cannot be seen because of the profusion of flowers. The *Arenaria* is another plant that will in time cover the stones with moss-like verdure so closely that the surface is like a green carpet, strewn thickly in summer-time with tiny white starry flowers. The name of this *Arenaria* is *A. balearica*, and it is happier in moist places than when exposed to the full sun. No daintier plant exists to creep over the stone facings and cover them with growth. Plant or sow at every opportunity plants in the crevices, and at this time Wallflowers and *Antirrhinums* may be sown, and the seedlings will flower next year. The parent of the Garden Carnation (*Dianthus caryophyllus*) is found in the walls of old castles, and may be established too. Sometimes a low-walled path may lead to the stables, or some part of the garden, and this, with a free use of the plants named, the *Aubrietias* in particular, will be a sheet of flowers in the early spring. Gardening of this kind is not costly. It is pleasurable, indeed, to create flower pictures where one little expects to see them.

THE FLAG IRISES.

The Flag or German Irises are in full flower everywhere, caring little for position, even if near trees. They are not happy under dense branches, but in partial shade, by woodland walks, recesses in the shrubbery, and similar positions, they will flower freely. The growth itself is beautiful, sword-like leaves of blue-green, relieved in early summer with flowers of many shades, from almost white through soft blue to deep purple. *Celeste*, *Pallida dalmatica*, *Queen of the May*, *Mme. Chereau*, *Victorine*, and the large deep blue variety form a noble six, but it is well to see a collection in full bloom. These June-flowering perennials are remarkably varied in colouring, some of quaint bronzy shades, which with suitable association make pleasing indoor decorations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters concerning the garden.

HOME-BREEDING WOODCOCKS.

ONE of the pleasant results of the great increase of woodland in parts of these islands is the corresponding rise in the number of certain birds which remain here to nest instead of going elsewhere. In the case of the woodcock this change has been noticed for the last thirty years; but recent improvements other than the planting of woods have also contributed to this. Chief among these are pheasant preserving, and the Wild Birds Protection Acts. In England, and in most parts even of Ireland, the woodcock is what its name implies, a bird of the wood and forest. It is to the forest what the snipe is to the fen, the representative bird of its family. The larger the woods the better the cock like them, not on account of their size, but because of their stillness, silence, and freedom from disturbance. When our English woods and coverts were not preserved for pheasants, but held in lieu of them great quantities of rabbits, they were pretty regularly shot, even to the end of February. As this involved a good deal of noise, with beaters and spaniels, they were most undesirable places from the woodcock's point of view. They were wakened up when they were as sleepy as owls, and, as they pair and lay their eggs very early, they naturally went



A. Killick.

AMONG THE DEAD LEAVES.

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off to more quiet quarters across the North Sea. But when rabbits were all killed down, and the coverts were kept absolutely quiet, except for one or two big pheasant shoots, and all through February and March not a soul entered them, except, perhaps, the keeper looking at his round of traps, the cock began to think that they might as well stay where they were. Hence the woodcock's nest, though still a curiosity, is not the rarity it was.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Stevenson, in his "Birds of Norfolk," was convinced on logical grounds, that if only woodcock were protected in the spring, just as pheasants and partridges are, there

would be a great increase in the number of those which remain through the summer, "whilst the same birds would return again and again to their accustomed haunts, like other migrants that visit us in the breeding season, and a local race, as it were, would ere long be established." Now they are known to do so in many parts of the country, even close to the sea, across which they could have flown in a few hours any night had they chosen. One was seen this year, early in April, with its young ones, in a grass ride in Sheringham Woods. The birds make a proper nest, always upon the ground, and usually



A. Killick.

SHE SITS CLOSE.

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AMONG THE DEAD LEAVES in the wood. It is neatly put together, and lined with "skeletons" of foliage, and with crumbled leaves of the oak and chestnut. The eggs are large, and match fairly well with their surroundings when uncovered. But the old woodcock herself, with her wonderful broken tints of black, brown, and buff, is far the best concealment. SHE SITS CLOSE, and the only mark which betrays her is the large, glittering eye. One which the writer found in a large wood in Yorkshire, never left her nest on either of three occasions when he visited it after she had begun to set. She sat absolutely motionless, with her head sunk in her shoulders, and her beak almost touching the ground. In the New Forest they breed regularly. We have seen the young in all stages, one nearly fledged, and almost able to fly, being brought to Lyndhurst on April 27th, though they also nest much later than this, probably when the first eggs are destroyed. The very young ones are beautiful little creatures, far lighter in colour than when no

longer in the down. They are marked with grey, pale brown, and a light purplish mauve in places. The beak is short, and the eye very large and black. Later, in June, both old and young come flying out of the woods to play in the air at certain favourite spots near the New Forest bogs. There is a beautiful hill side and stream called Matley Passage to the South of Lyndhurst, where anyone may see four or five playing at dusk late on a summer's evening.

The carrying of young woodcocks by the old birds is now known to be not uncommon. The little bird is held between the woodcock's thighs as the old one flies, and looks out forward from under its breast, rather like a little kangaroo peeping out of the pouch.

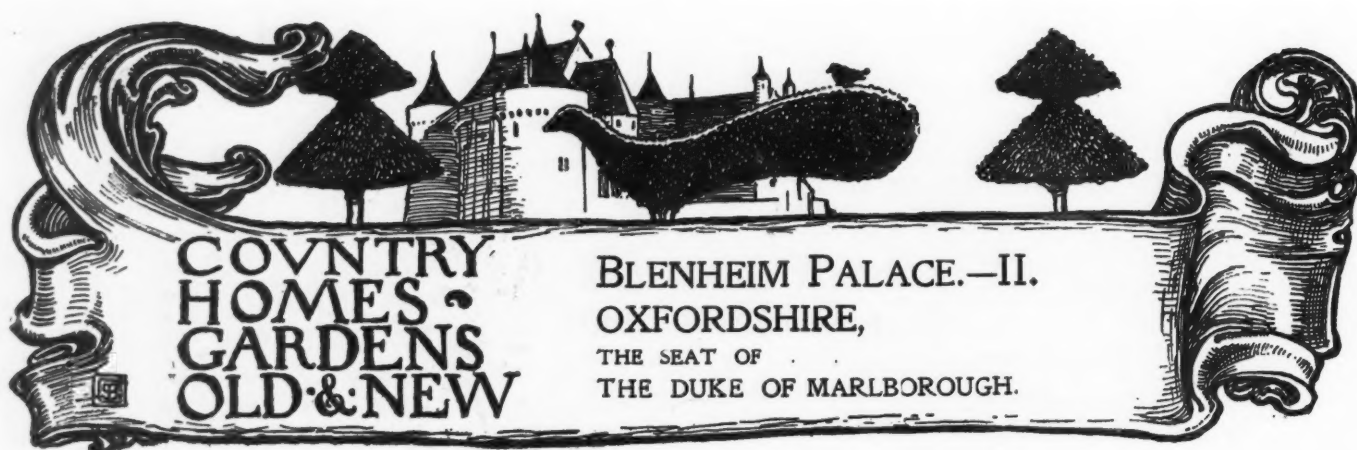
The regular number of eggs is four. That a bird apparently so shy and retiring should allow itself to be photographed is somewhat strange. But though we believe no sitting woodcock has ever had its portrait taken in such perfection as that here shown, the feat has been achieved before. On April 28th, in 1859, a nest was found near the Beeston Hills, not far from Cromer. It contained four eggs, two of which were hatched on May 19th, and the other two left in the nest. The bird was constantly visited, and allowed itself to be photographed by Mr. S. G. Buxton. Another naturalist, who watched her through a glass, said "she rested her bill apparently on the ground, and kept her large and prominent eye very wide open." This tameness of the nesting woodcock was quite well-known to the old naturalists. Pennant recorded that "a person who discovered one on a nest, has often stood over, and even stroked it, notwithstanding which it hatched the young, and in due time disappeared with them." Willoughby, however, takes a much severer view and remarks that "this bird is infamous for its simplicity or folly!"



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

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THE park in which Blenheim Palace stands—anciently that of the royal demesne of Woodstock—is one of the greatest in England, and the gardens are of noble and imposing character, very appropriate to the stately pile they adorn. That part of Oxfordshire is remarkably diversified in character, and within the 2,700 acres of the park, and its nine miles' circuit, many aspects of nature are found. The natural beauty of the Woodstock country has therefore done much for the charm of the surroundings, but it was the good fortune of the park to be made what it is under the hand of "Capability" Brown, the prince among landscape gardeners in his time. Traces of his skill have been found in many gardens we have surveyed, but Blenheim is, perhaps, the happiest example of his skill. There is here no justification for the charge sometimes made against the landscape gardener, that his means are artificial and his achievements unimpressive, for Brown used with success the means of Nature in order to enhance her effects, planting belts of chosen trees in places where they might naturally grow, and placing sheets of water where they would naturally rest. Dignity and spaciousness are the chief merits he has achieved. He was among the first of professional landscape

gardeners, and derived his popular name from his quickness in realising the capabilities of the places he was called upon to improve.

At Blenheim we see how simple are the means employed. The stately trees have been selected for their colour, form, and suitability to the places they occupy; they are planted broadly in belts and groups, without crowding, and in such a manner as to enforce or relieve, as the case may be, the features of the landscape; there are great expanses of turf upon the undulating surfaces, and the Palace gains in its imposing effect as it is disclosed amid the foliage, while from the building itself most beautiful views are opened out, and the great lake has been formed in the happiest manner, and is, in fact, the keynote of the whole landscape. It was, perhaps, in his use of water that Brown attained his happiest results, and at Blenheim we recognise that he must have studied thoroughly the character of the land in order to realise effects so good.

The Palace is usually approached by the triumphal arch, erected by Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, built the year after the great Duke's death, and bearing an inscription referring to the neighbouring column as "a lasting monument of his glory and



H. W. Taunt.

THE EAST SIDE AND VINERY.

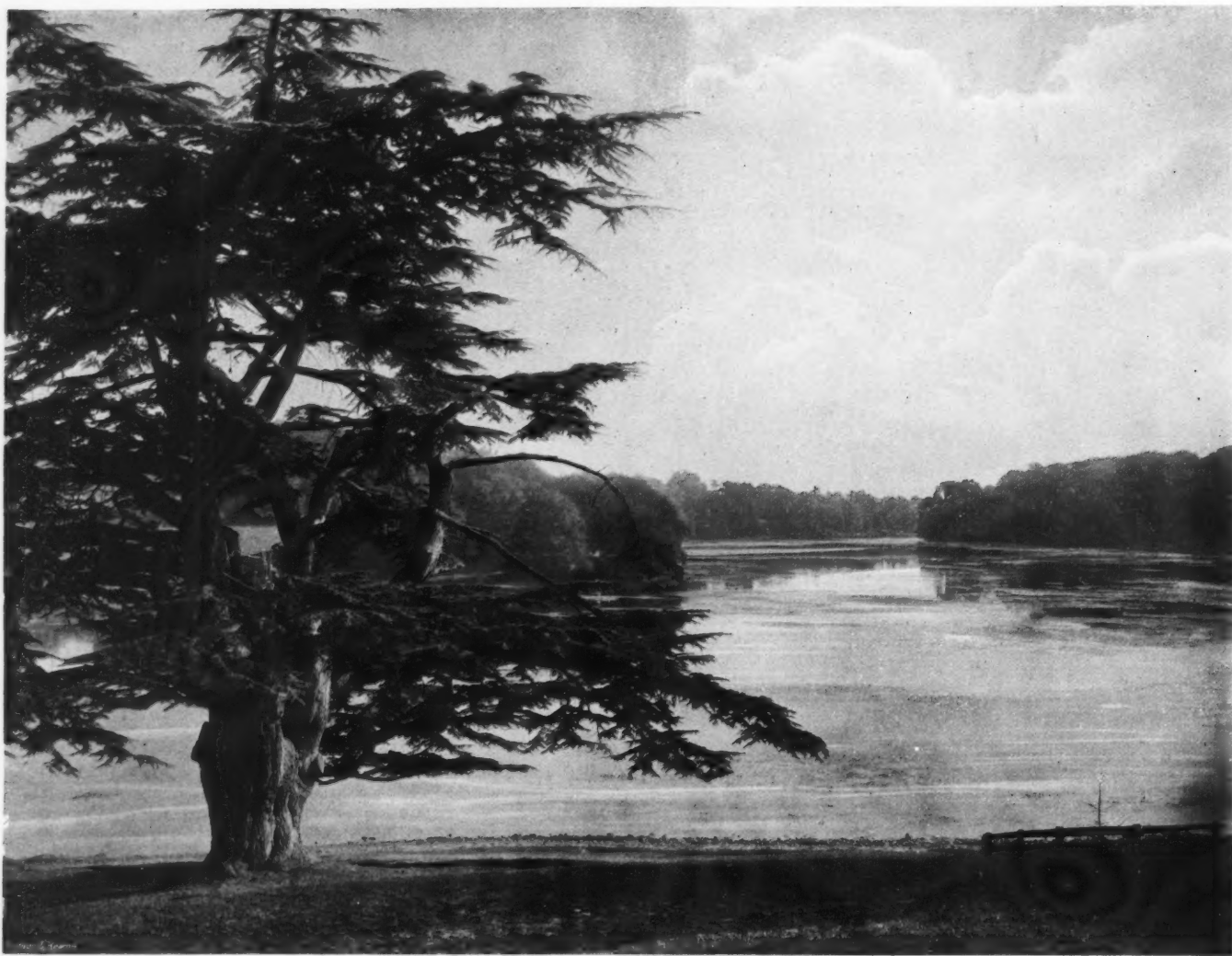
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GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—BLENHEIM: A CORNER OF THE LAKE, WITH BOATHOUSE.

H. W. Taunt.



H. W. Taunt.

THE LAKE FROM FAIR ROSAMUND'S WELL.

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of her affection." When the lake is reached it is impossible for the visitor to withhold admiration from the effect produced by the glassy sheet, the rich woodland, and the imposing mansion beyond. Two trees near the beautiful classic bridge are said to mark the site of the royal mansion of Woodstock and of Fair Rosamund's Bower, of which Sarah Duchess of Marlborough—

deaf to the entreaties of Vanbrugh—ordered the last vestiges to be swept away. Her noble bridge, with its three arches, spanned an insignificant brook, for the lake was of later formation—and the satirists were bitter in their jibes. "Like a beggar at the old Duchess's gate," wrote Walpole, "it begged for a drop of water and was refused." Brown, however, saw his opportunity and used it well.

There are fine views of the water and the woods from the bridge, but as the visitor advances, the prospects grow more extensive, and presently the splendid old cedars, which are one of the glories of Blenheim, are reached, their deep green plummy foliage being strikingly relieved by the lighter hues of varied deciduous foliage. Such contrasts are often found, but the effect is seldom so striking as at Blenheim. The ground rises beyond to the memorial column to the great Duke, 134ft. high, which bears his statue at the top and the sounding record of his triumphs round its base. From this point there is a magnificent view over the park, with glimpses of the larger lake viewed amid the richest woodland, while individual trees or groups diversify the slopes, and the Palace is also seen to great advantage, with imposing effect and varied outline. In the last article something was said of its history.

The upper lake is a beautiful expanse of water, which has been greatly improved since the present Duke and Duchess of Marlborough entered into possession of the estate. It was formed artificially, but one would



H. W. Taunt.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLUMN.

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never suspect the intervention of the hand of man, so natural is the effect resulting from banks well planted and much woodland, which conceals any appearance of artificiality. It is delightful to walk by the bank, with silvery beech and other beautiful trees casting their shadows over one's path, and the glorious expanse of water lying in the hollow.

As we have already intimated, Blenheim is famous for its trees, such as oak, cedar, and beech, and, as our illustrations reveal, the individual specimens, like the cedars by Fair Rosamund's Well, are grand indeed. The fairly stiff, loamy soil suits the oak particularly well, and the kingly tree is in evidence on all hands, though some noble specimens, of great girth and wide spread of branches, are showing signs of decrepitude. It is worth while to see Blenheim for its cedars alone, especially the trees and groups on the lake banks opposite the north of the Palace. These are very beautiful, with trunks of great girth and a vast spread of branches. The careful observer will notice, too, that the trees differ considerably owing to their seedling origin, some being flat and others drooping. The elm also has been largely planted, and the beautiful beech; but, truth to tell, it would be difficult to enumerate all the noble trees that abound at Blenheim. One very interesting variety is the tulip tree, of which there is quite an avenue. The aspect is picturesque, the leaves dying off in autumn to a beautiful golden colour.

The flower garden and pleasure grounds of Blenheim Palace are of great extent, well in keeping with the vast structure itself, and we believe, in fact, that they are the largest in England; certainly few are more extensive. During late years the various gardens have been maintained in a high degree of perfection. Upon the north side, the Palace stands out boldly, grass sweeping up to its walls, and observe, even without planting of any kind, that a certain dignity and charm belongs to the place. From the terrace there is a lovely view of the Italian garden and of the glorious avenue, with its majestic breadth of turf between the fine trees. This outlook is one of the best



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BLADON GATE BRIDGE.

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features of Blenheim, and illustrates Brown's bold and simple handling of his materials. The flower gardening is in a measure formal, but hard lines have been to a great extent softened, as in the beds upon the east front, and in the Italian garden there is free grouping of summer flowers with beautiful results in the way of colour effects, while the handsome aloes in the vases lend a touch of colour also. In the summer these beds are filled with bright flowers, and the effect is gorgeous. During late years many great and welcome improvements have been carried out, but not in any way to mar the original design. Thus the newer hybrid water-lilies have been planted, and give richer colour and greater charm to the lake. Everything is on such a vast scale at Blenheim that plants are of necessity freely and boldly placed to gain their full effect.

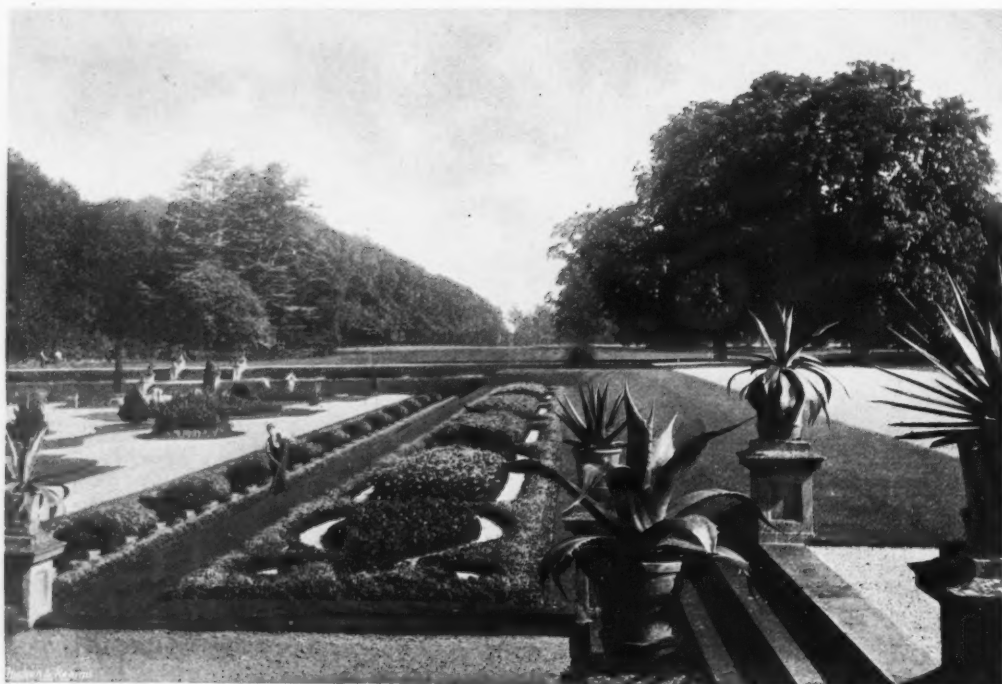
The plant houses, filled with rare orchids, palms, and other exotic plants, are very spacious, as are the fruit and other quarters essential to a garden like this. Wherever one goes there



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THE EAST FRONT AND ITALIAN GARDEN.

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THE ITALIAN GARDEN FROM THE PALACE.

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is something interesting or beautiful to see. Garden paths lead to the Temple of Health, erected on the recovery of George III. from serious illness, 1789, and thence to the aviary. Further on there is an artificial cascade admirably managed. Elsewhere the Ionic Temple of Diana, designed by Sir William Chambers, is a feature of interest. Across the park is the High Lodge, a picturesque and striking old building, though much altered, which was once the residence of the Ranger of Woodstock. Near the triumphal arch is "Chaucer's House," said to have been erected by Sir Thomas Chaucer, who may have been the poet's son, in 1410. But the greatest interest of Blenheim, apart from the character and history of the Palace, is, after all, the fine character of the landscape effects in the park. The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are devoted to outdoor life, and the surroundings of their splendid and historic domain have gained in beauty from the care and interest they have bestowed upon them.

Burnham Beeches in the Spring.

IT is now many years ago since an old man in the village of Burnham used to describe to me the charm of Burnham Beeches in the early mornings of May, when the wood resounded with the cuckoo's call and the songs of innumerable birds. He told me that I must be there before 6 a.m. I never

went; for the Beeches are near four miles off, and the long dull lane to Burnham lies between them and this house. And now the place is so overrun with noisy crowds during the finest season in the year, that residents in the neighbourhood mostly feel themselves shut out. Late last evening, however, I found my



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A SHADY GLADE.

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way to one of the beautiful outskirts, where it is all blue underneath the trees with myriads of wild hyacinths, and a king-cup bordered streamlet runs through the deep, wooded dell. A most sweet-voiced nightingale sang from a budding thorn, close to a wild-cherry tree, white with blossom. So the bicycle was leant up against a bank, and I thought to wander among the bluebells, and spend with them a heavenly half hour. Alas! they were all trampled and desecrated by many feet and many gatherers, and all the pleasure they might have given was for that time spoilt.

Like most fair spots within easy reach of London, Burnham Beeches are spoilt in summer for any but the holiday people. Their solemn shades are not perhaps so outrageously misused as in former years, when picnic fires were kindled unforbid within the hollows of the oldest trees. A great number of these are now mere shells, hollow shells, which yet have life enough left in them to support their giant limbs, sometimes rich in foliage, always gnarled and knotted and yawning with wide-open holes, or curiously knobbed, like grotesque faces in a dream. Blackened with smoke, these grand old hollow trees remain, while almost every one, whether sound or hollow, is defaced by initial letters cut large and scrawled all over the bark. This form of tree defacement has been common to all ages. Shakespeare wrote, "A man haunts the forest that abuses our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their bark." The custom still continues; and would that it were one man only and one Rosalind who thus haunted the Beeches! Their name is legion; so many are they, and so scant respect have they for the age

or the picturesqueness of these ancient foresters, that few indeed have escaped their sign-manual.

On Bank Holidays, also, is this most perfect bit of landscape woodland ruined. In "the Plain," as it is called, there are donkey races and booths, and all kinds of almost riotous amusements which are unworthy and entirely destructive of the quiet which should make the charm of sylvan solitude, like this. Time was when the Plain was a broad quiet stretch of short



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TWIN TREES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

green turf shaded by the long shadows of magnificent trees. A little narrow foot-path was worn along the centre, with a few carriage-wheel tracks. It is now just a dry sandy desert. New roads through the wood there are, which run very smooth and comfortable. Yet one sighs at the recollection of old dim forest tracks of the past. True, our vehicle would often stick half-way through the bog; or we had to follow on foot intricate ways deep in fern amongst the wondrous boles of age-worn trees. To cross over between the ponds and steer to East Burnham across the common might involve a wetting, and to find the road to "Egypt" through groves of silver birch was a mystery hard to fathom. Yet still, we loved the place better in those days of peril and difficulty than now, when there is a service of omnibuses from Slough, and we can drive at ease, in carriages and flies, straight through the beeches, and all about. None of these drawbacks, however, can lessen in any degree our lasting gratitude to the Corporation of London for so nobly coming forward, in 1879, to save the place from the builders' hands, and preserve it for the public enjoyment for ever.

We find in Lysons' "History of Bucks" that what are called the Chiltern Hundreds meant originally the office of stewardship of the Beechwoods, *i.e.*, to keep them clear of robbers and highwaymen. No sinecure this in the troublous times of old! It is well known that Buckinghamshire was covered with a dense forest, which reached from the Forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, to Epping Forest, in Essex. Burnham Beeches is a little corner still remaining of that primeval forest. The extent is only about 375 acres, a wild and beautiful spot near to London, in the heart of one of the most civilised countries in the world. Small as it is, it carries some of the grandest amongst the old trees still left to us in England. The years of the life of a beech do not, it is generally believed, much exceed two hundred. Yet, so far as can be judged by their outward aspect, the Ancients of Burnham Beeches must have weathered the storms of many a long century more. Reliable records of their history do not appear to exist. The local tradition is that Cromwell's soldiery pollarded the trees—for pollarded they are throughout the wood. Not only did



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they mutilate them thus, 10ft. from the ground; they also daubed the denuded tops with red paint, in order that at first sight they might be mistaken for a company of red-coated military.

The legend, however, seems at variance with the fact of the enormous growth of many, out of whose pollarded tops sprout huge branches, themselves resembling trees rather than the limbs of a tree. But for the notorious Parliamentary bearing of nearly the whole of Buckinghamshire one might think tradition was reversed, and that the forest of Burnham had been beheaded in honour of the Martyr King. Such things have been known in instances other than the Duchess of Monmouth's park. Another idea has been that the trees were lopped to feed the cattle. There were no common-rights, however, at Burnham, and it is certain that the pollarding was all done at one time, after the victims were already old and well stricken in years.

The dead, dry beechen leaves lie thick and red upon the ground over the larger part of Burnham Beeches. So does their story rest hidden—buried deep under the long, slow lapse of time. Whether tradition be true or false about the date or reason for the pollarding of the beeches, the unique and almost savage beauty of the place remains to this day.

I think, without doubt, that winter is the time to go there and see it in perfection, for then the intervening veil of bare young wood growing up around them in many parts does not interfere with the outlines of the more aged trees as when it is full leaved. Yet how can one forget the gold of an autumn day or the emerald spring-time, shimmering all over with myriad points of tender green? for what colour can compare with the young leaves of beech? It is in May and earliest June, not in winter after all, that we must own the fullest pleasure in the woods. On May 1st the sun shone gloriously, and we journeyed to the Beeches. Notwithstanding that the elms and all the loveliest glades just thereabouts were already



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THE ELEPHANT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

occupied by visitors, undeterred by the cold of the early season, we spent among the trees an hour or so of pure delight.

A great ruin lying in the grass beside the stream caught the eye at once. One of the hugest giants had fallen and broken to pieces. Cyclists with their wheels surrounded the ruin, so we turned and roamed farther and farther into the russet woodland depths, where soon the echoes of the noisy crowd became more faint and fainter, till lost in distance. The dry, cushioned moss invited us to rest, and for long we listened to the organ-music of the wind among the weird, white, twisted shapes of the grove where we sat. It was a steep slope, more mountain than hill, clothed with these strange fantastic beech from the summit down to the valley below. Beyond, the ground rises again in masses of close plantations. Such varied scenery within so few acres is a thing hardly known anywhere else. Well might the poet Gray describe the Beeches as "A little chaos of mountains and precipices . . . just such hills as people love to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous." Under some grand beech Gray would sit whole mornings, and "grow to the trunk," as he expresses it, while "the trees dream out their old stories to the wind."

Spring never brings her flowers here, for nothing flowery ever grows under beech. On the other hand you are safe from lightning, which never strikes a beech tree, and the abundant moss is very lovely. It grows in two shades of green, intermixed in mottled clumps and patches. There is the commoner sort of rich olive green, and a paler shade like *eau de nil*. These mosses put on a fresher glow when spring draws near, and both in winter and summer glossy, glittering holly clasps round in a close embrace the knees of many an old gnarled tree. Spring flowers would almost seem out of character amid these stern survivals of the past. Yet the outlying edges of the wood in May are spangled with a wealth of bright stellaria and wind-flowers.

A very old woman, the last lace-maker in Burnham, long ago brought me a posy from the Beeches. Tied up in the centre of it, among the little common wildflowers, was just one green butterfly orchis, the only one I ever beheld in this country, before or since. Who that has once known the evening perfume of the butterfly orchis can ever forget it? It is as singular as the flower itself.

From the heart of the Beeches the "sportive squirrel and timorous hare" have disappeared since Gray's time. Sometimes may be heard the gurgle of a nightingale, the subdued twitter of finches, or the voice of a stock-dove in meditative mood. But, as a rule, wild birds and beasts are seldom heard or seen there. It is said, however, that, towards the end of

their season in England, nightingales flock to Burnham Beeches from all parts of the kingdom, to hold a last grand midnight concert. (I should like to have a ticket of admission!) It is certain that glow-worms—as is only mete they should—attend the concert. For often the country people, returning home that way on late summer nights, pick them up and carry off the little living lamps on their hat-brims. It is a little hard to find the right direction for the camp or moat, a desolate, secluded spot near the north-western boundary. All authentic history of it is utterly lost, the same as in every other part. Even the name is changed. Twenty years ago it was Hardicanute's Camp. Now it is more commonly known as "Harlequin's"; so also the finest of all the great trees, which used to be the King Beech, is to-day the Queen's Beech. Hardicanute's Camp is a ghostly place to wander in alone! Surrounded by a deep moat 15ft. wide, whose waters are black as ink, crossed at one angle by a narrow little is'hmus. Should you visit the camp even in the merry month of May, a kind of depressing influence will make

you unwilling to linger long. The day may be bright and breezy, every budding roadside plant putting forth its strength in freshest green, and happy little hedge-birds in the fields and lanes hopping and flying hither and thither. On the way to the camp everything in Nature may seem instinct with life and gladness, till the moat is crossed into the shades of the ancient camp, where chill and solemn calm prevails. There is certainly a something uncanny in the intense stillness! Could an antiquarian search be made by digging, the question sometimes asked of whether the camp had been Roman or Danish might be settled. In one corner a quantity of flint chips seem to point to a workshop having existed there for the fashioning of flint implements. A fine javelin, or spear-head, was found here, and

doubtless underneath the rough moss and rank grass tufts more such treasures may lie concealed. Wood has grown up on both sides of the moat, and trees stretch across it their lichened interlacing boughs.

There can hardly be anywhere a bit of wild English land of the same small extent more beautiful, more strange, than Burnham Beeches. Photographs give well the strangeness, but neither painting nor poetry can quite do justice to the beauty of it.

Mr. G. F. Heath, twenty years ago, published a little book full of appreciative love for every nook in the little forest he worked so hard and so successfully to rescue for the permanent benefit of the public. For myself, though familiar with the place for many years, it is only truth that each time I go there I seem to find a fresh surprise, fresh points to admire in the mazes of its sylvan loveliness. And not infrequent is the aspiration, for some springtide of a far-off future—the hope that even the



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THE QUEEN'S DRIVE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

poorest of an unborn race of holiday-makers in Burnham Beeches may come to know, that better than all other so-called enjoyments of life is a heartfelt love of Nature for Nature's self.
E. V. B.

THE CUCKOO— POINTS OF VIEW

SHE and Tom had been quarrelling. I was sure of it directly I went into the conservatory, because he looked so imploringly at her, and showed his misery so openly, while she looked quite happy and almost aggressively cheerful when I interrupted them.

Evidently she had been getting the best of it.

It was jealousy, I knew, because I had seen the look he had given her late partner, who had danced with her three times running. He left her in my charge, and walked away with a look of despair. I sat down beside her.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Miss Allison? Nice dance, isn't it?"

"Lovely," she answered enthusiastically. "Oh, yes, I'm enjoying myself immensely."

There was rather too much emphasis on the immensely. Girls rather overdo it, I think.

"Nice chap, Tom Carruthers," I remarked casually.

"Do you think so?" with a slight emphasis.

I looked hard at a palm opposite and said, "Yes, don't you?"

"Really, I have never thought about it," she answered, with an air of great indifference. Girls certainly overdo it!

"Haven't you?" I replied. "That seems a pity, because he thinks so much about you."

She stifled a yawn. "Haven't we better go and have some supper?" she asked in a matter of fact voice.

"Certainly, Miss Allison, supper sounds delightful." We went, but I don't remember seeing her eat anything excepting a minute piece of mustard and cress.

The next morning I happened to be passing through a field, not half a mile from the hotel, and I saw her sitting on a camp-stool near the hedge sketching. She did not look up when she heard my footsteps, although I was whistling one of Tom's favourite songs; so I called out, cheerily, "Hullo, Miss Allison, you're very busy."

She glanced up, and I thought she looked a little disappointed, but it may have been my fancy. Men's voices are not often alike, but there is a good deal of similarity about a whistle. Perhaps she had thought it was Tom. I sat down beside her.

"Sketching?" I asked. She nodded, and I looked round. I didn't see anything in particular to sketch excepting four cows and a superannuated horse; but artists, especially amateur artists, are strange beings.

She put her sketching board face downwards on the grass, but not before I had caught sight of it.

"H'm, that's rather like—"

"You," she interrupted. "Yes, isn't it, it's strange how one sometimes gets a likeness without knowing it."

"Well, I hardly think I am quite as broad as that, and my nose is, perhaps, a trifle more aristocratic; it's more like—"

"Aren't the buttercups lovely?" she interposed; "I think I never saw so many as there are here."

I plucked one and held it up towards her. "Pretty colour, isn't it?"

"Very."

"The colour of jealousy," I continued.

"Really," with a faint shrug of her shoulders.

"Yes, a bad thing jealousy," I said.

"Do you think so?" indifferently.

"Yes, Miss Allison, let me advise you never to look at a man who is of a jealous disposition."

She stared hard at me. "Are you jealous, Mr. Merton?"

"I, oh, no! I was thinking of Tom Carruthers."

"Haven't you better continue your walk?" she asked, politely. "Pray don't let me keep you."

I rose. "Good-bye," I said, "if I see Tom I will take him for a walk, too;" but she pretended not to hear.

It was a lovely, joyous May morning, and everything seemed so happy that somehow it didn't seem fair for her not to look happy also.

I wondered where Tom was, and walked through the wood to look for him. It was not a day on which lovers ought to spend a moment apart. The very atmosphere seemed full of love. The wood-pigeons were sighing contentedly in the green-tipped fir trees; the grasshoppers chirped in noisy joy on the heather-clad hillside; and the gorse blooms opened their prickly cases every moment with a little happy click, click. Sunbeams darted

in and out of the beech trees, and in the wood the blue-bells were a dream of deep blue beauty, and here and there a belated primrose looked even paler than its wont before the flaunting scarlet wind-flowers. How pretty she would look among the blue-bells, and how eagerly Tom would help her to tie them up. I really must try to find him.

I found him at last, standing on the bank of the little stream fishing. It was too sunny for good sport, and besides, there were other things for him to catch just then.

"Having any sport?" I asked.

"He started, and turned a gloomy face towards me. "No, wretched, it's too sunny—and—"

"Why not give it up?" I suggested.

"Because there's nothing else to do in this confoundedly dull hole."

"It's a lovely day," I remarked.

"Yes," grumpily.

"How happy the birds seem! Just listen to that cuckoo."

"Beastly row, I call it, so monotonous," he grumbled.

"Oh, by the way, I saw Miss Allison in the field, up by Dene's Hollow, sketching." I paused. "She's quite alone," I added presently; "looked a bit dull, too, I thought, but that may have been my fancy."

For a moment he hesitated, then he gave his usual frank, boyish laugh. "Thanks, awfully, old chap," he said, gratefully, and began hurriedly to pack up his rod.

Two hours later I happened to pass the field; Tom was lying on the grass at the foot of the camp-stool. She smiled bewitchingly, and called me as I passed. "Mr. Merton, do listen to the cuckoo, it has hardly stopped even for breath for the last half hour. I simply love listening to the cuckoo," she added. "Tom says he thinks it's the only really musical bird there is."

"Yes, it is a nice note, isn't it, Tom?"

"Awfully jolly," he answered; but as I passed on I noticed he took care not to catch my eye.

R. NEISH.



NO literary tendency of our age is more marked or more wholesome than one of which COUNTRY LIFE itself is an example. It is the tendency to live and to talk and to write among outdoor scenes and concerning them to a far greater extent than at any other time in the nation's history. It is a disposition shown more prominently perhaps in relation to gardens than in connection with other subjects. All ages of English literature have had their writers—not mere pedants and scientists, but men who knew how to write with grace and feeling—who dealt with gardening subjects. Bacon, Pope, Parkinson, Temple—they are the chief among the masters. But I doubt whether there was ever a time at which so many men and women wrote so well of gardening, and round and about it, as to-day. So much is this the case that she whom I call the Lady Chancellor, borrowing a useful phrase from that charming writer, Dr. Jessop, has been heard to say that the subject might grow wearisome. But there is no real danger of the kind. One can never grow tired of Mrs. Earle or Miss Jekyll or Mrs. Ewing or Canon Ellacombe. Least of all is Dean Hole likely to become tedious, for in his writing there is a perennial freshness. It is as full of fresh air and of variety and of the feeling of gentle vigour and sunshine as spring itself. Such is the result produced upon a healthy mind after spending a cold May morning in mastering a book which will become from this day forth a familiar friend. It is "Our Gardens," and it is one of the volumes of the Haddon Hall Library, edited by the Marquess of Granby and Mr. George A. B. Dewar, and published by Messrs. Dent. In this particular case I surmise, as the Americans say sometimes, that the editors have not been greatly troubled, for Dean Hole is among the writers who may surely be left with absolute confidence to deal with their own subject, and, since his handwriting is as beautiful as his style, even the labour of reading proofs must be made light in his case. That which he does not know about gardens and gardening is not worth knowing; and he has this supreme merit in addition, that he knows what is worth telling and tells it merrily. *Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?* is the jocund question and motto with which he introduces his modest pages. Why should not a man smile and be merry, and enjoy life, and tell a true story of outdoor life that shall be worth the telling? Next after this motto comes a coloured frontispiece representing the Dean's garden at Rochester. It is a reproduction of Mr. Elgood's picture. One looks down a broad, box-edged path ending at the Deanery itself. The house is "fairly smothered"—to use a good old country phrase—in creepers. Near it, in the background, are a few fine trees, and away to the right is the tower of the cathedral. But the glory of the picture is the rich harmonious medley of herbaceous flowers, rising like a bank, with flowering shrubs behind on either side. One can hardly single them all out in a picture on so small a scale, but some features are strongly marked. There are great scarlet poppies, their petals dropping like a splash of blood upon the sunlit path; tall spikes of delphinium, too, rise in every shade of delicate blue, and there are lilies and roses, and a mass of things of beauty besides. The whole is a dream of beauty. You turn over a page to find a dedication which, for once in a way, is worthy alike in its phraseology and in its recipient. No man has done more for artistic horticulture in England than "William Robinson, author of 'The English Flower Garden,'" to whom Dean Hole dedicates his book, with "admiration of his genius, congratulations on his success, and pleasant

memories of his friendship." I would lay emphasis on that word "success." Mr. Robinson may almost claim to be the greatest horticultural reformer of all time, and his views are now so universally accepted, are, indeed, in such close harmony with natural taste, that men are apt to forget that when he started upon the missionary enterprise which was his life's work he was a rebel and a heretic. The tribute to him is well deserved, and it will be endorsed by every true lover of gardens. For the book itself, it is not only of infinite charm and grace, but full of value. Once taken in hand, it can hardly be laid down; and, speaking with some modest experience gained in the indulgence of a most immoderate love of gardening, I venture to describe it as absolutely correct in principle and method. It is the kind of book from which one may learn without effort and with keen enjoyment. And it breathes the spirit of hope. Dean Hole himself was once among the Philistines, and he gives the most interesting account of his conversion. "I was at that time, as a gardener, in a state of extreme prostration and debility from a simultaneous attack of scarlet and yellow fever. In the first delirium of the disease, which went by the name of 'Bedding-out,' and declared itself in profuse eruptions of every colour and form, I committed atrocities which would have justified a commission de *lunatico inquirendo*. I felled trees, I removed shrubberies, I levelled undulations, I swept away nooks and corners, for my grand display of half-hardy plants. For some six summers the symptoms annually returned; then gradually my temperature went down to normal. My reason was restored, and my aching eyes turned away from their kaleidoscope. I date my recovery from a certain morning in July. On the preceding day my fireworks were in their most perfect splendour, with circles of gold (calceolaria), scarlet (geranium), silver (centaurea), bronze (perilla), purple (verbena), blue (lobelia), and grey (ageratum). I was expecting in a few hours a large garden-party, the *élite* of the neighbourhood. I rose early and looked out of the window. There had been a thunder-storm and a tempest, with drenching rains. The appearance was more like a palette than a picture. Only the perillas seemed to realise the situation, for they looked like the feathers on a hearse. I awoke, but the lawn, and the almonds, the mespilis, and the cistus, the laburnums and the lilacs, where were they? I resolved to complete that which the storm had suggested; to apply the sponge to the slate; and on my *tabula rasa* to delineate and realise another plan. Three friends, three famous friends—Mr. Robert Marnock, Mr. William Robinson, and Mr. William Ingram—who had established at Belvoir the most beautiful spring garden in Europe, came to give me not advice merely, but personal practical help." Such was the regeneration and conversion of the Rev. S. Reynolds Hole. And now he, in his turn, having become at least the equal of his masters, offers to us his teaching in a book which will be prized by the expert gardener, and full of practical value to the disciple. A dainty volume it is, too; neatly equipped and with many pictures, each one of them containing an idea, or ideas, which may be carried out.

Mr. Arthur F. Leach's "History of Winchester College" (Duckworth) is

the most valuable addition which has been made for many a long day to the general store of information concerning the early history of our public schools. The Charity Commission—Mr. Leach is an Assistant Charity Commissioner—is not a popular body for many reasons. It is slow to answer letters; it is accused of inability to leave well alone; it will not be persuaded to let sleeping dogs lie; and it treads on the toes of all sorts of privileges and prejudices. Still, even the Charity Commission has its indirect uses, and this book serves to illustrate one of them. If Mr. Leach had not been appointed years ago to his present position in the Charity Commission, he would, in all probability, have attained eminence at the Bar, which was the walk of life that he had mapped out for himself. His passion for antiquarian research would, no doubt, have found room to indulge itself. But he would hardly have been likely to find time to produce so excellent a work as this. Nor, if he had been able to find the time, would his opportunities have been what they have been. In the performance of his official duties, he has been in some measure compelled—and his tastes have made him yield to compulsion gladly—to devote much time to reopening the old shafts which lead to the rich treasure of antiquarian lore concerning our public schools, and the result is that his book stands on a pedestal of its own. Unsparing of his own labour, and by no means wanting in the precious sense of humour, he has picked the plums out of the pudding of musty documents and records. His work is not only valuable, as tending to show exactly the true position of Wykeham in relation to our public school system, but also readable. Your antiquarian, as a rule, is an excellent and amiable person; but there is no denying that he can be a bore on occasion. Mr. Leach is quite the reverse. His opening chapters are not less readable than those which deal with matters belonging to our own date. Of these, that which is entitled "In My Time" is full of lively reading. We were all boys once; but still there is something refreshing in reading that Mr. Leach, who is learned in his middle age, was not immune from the failings of boyhood in the sixties. He suffered, not very severely it would seem, under the strokes of Dr. Moberly's "bibling-rod." This ancient instrument of discipline, composed of four seasoned apple-twigs bound to a handle, is now gone out of use. It used to be applied to the small of the back, to a kind of delicate interregnum between the trousers and the waistcoat. "Certainly the bibling," Mr. Leach records, "did not hurt half so much as I expected." None the less, if a Board School master of 1899 were to leave on a pupil such weals as were no doubt to be found on the embryo antiquary in 1863, there would be a scene in a police court, and an outcry in the daily papers. Mr. Leach suffered also under the traditional ground-ash of Winchester, but he makes no fuss about it. Altogether, this is a learned book, manly, and lively, full of curious information. Moreover, it is well illustrated, and the readers of COUNTRY LIFE will be glad to be reminded by one picture of the article on Winchester which appeared in these columns some months ago.



The Future of Mr. Martin Harvey.

NOT because Mr. Freeman Wills' play, "The Only Way," possesses any startling merits, though it is in many respects an effective piece of work enough, is the Revolutionary piece at the Prince of Wales's Theatre again referred to. But it registered its hundredth performance recently—no slight thing for a serious work produced by a new management—and that provides a text for what one wants to say. It is as a vehicle for the display of the powers of Mr. Martin Harvey that "The Only Way" calls for reconsideration; and the powers of Mr. Martin Harvey demand more careful analysis than it is possible to give to any acting on the first night of a new piece—for the piece itself occupies the larger part of the time and space at the disposal of the critic—because it is the duty of the publicist whose domain is the Drama to look ahead, as well as backwards, to direct attention to the hopes and fears of to-morrow as well as the success or failure of last night.

And our chief hope, as it is our chief fear, is the coming generation.

Who is to succeed the great ones of to-day, who is worthy to wear their mantle? Whence are coming the Irvings, the Trees, the Forbes Robertsons of the day after to-morrow? Until recently we had no idea. Clever actors there are in plenty, admirable actors, but none who united in themselves in a high degree cleverness with personality, without which cleverness is of little avail; none who struck the public imagination, who compelled attention, who made us think and speculate as to his future, to feel an interest before the event in the next character to be assumed by him. None anywhere.

Then Mr. Franklyn McLeay came upon the scene, and we think we have found one who will one day reach the highest rank; but in this article our concern is not with him. It is with

Mr. Martin Harvey. Mr. Harvey for some years has been playing small parts in the company of Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum. He played them artistically and intelligently, but, so far, he did not rivet the attention. Then came Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande." Mr. Martin Harvey was Prince Golaud. Here the young actor made us watch him—equally, even, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Forbes Robertson; we felt that magnetism about him without which no actor can ever be great, though he may not be great even if he possess it. We felt the subtle attraction which comes from that indefinable thing "personality." There was nothing in the performance of Prince Golaud which one "could catch hold of," yet it interested, attracted, and held the attention. But "Pelleas and Melisande" is in itself so weird, "unusual," super-imaginative, that the peculiar qualities of the histrionism of Mr. Harvey were not thrown into relief; they were part of a curious whole. We were not quite certain, in the effect of this whole upon us, where the qualities of the play left off and the qualities of the acting began.

Then came Mr. Marshall's clever and promising, though unsatisfactory, play, "The Broad Road," at Terry's Theatre. In this Mr. Martin Harvey played the character of a young cardsharp with a fascinating penchant for acute introspection, a pretty touch in sophistry, and a melancholy of the most romantic kind. It was a curious conception on the part of the author, and by no means uninspired. It was a difficult part for the actor to portray; Mr. Martin Harvey portrayed it perfectly. He seemed to have wormed his way into the very thoughts of the author, to have grasped his meaning to the nicest shade. Quite as important, he was able to project all this over the footlights; he had not only the power of

understanding, but the power of giving full expression to all that he understood. "The Broad Way" allowed us to form a more decided estimate of the qualities in the acting of Mr. Harvey. The medium was modern; it was not fairyland, but passably real and convincing. The gifts of intellect, individuality, charm which the actor possesses, were thrown out into bold relief; they were silhouetted against a more decided background. Yet we were not disappointed; Mr. Harvey still attracted and impressed.

And next we saw Mr. Harvey in "The Only Way." He was now his own manager. There was no one to check him; he might have run riot; there might have been all sorts of gaucheries in the setting of the play; it might have been all Mr. Harvey and nothing else. This would have been fatal, almost; it would have gone far to prove that Mr. Harvey had not ballast, staying power, the artistic instinct developed beyond the mere confines of the trick of acting. But, happily, it was not so; discretion and restraint were everywhere; Mr. Harvey has, it seems—though, of course, it is too early yet to form a set opinion—that gift of seeing things whole which is no less valuable than the gift of "magnetism." His acting in "The Only Way" strengthens our belief in him. He shows that he has the power of carrying a great situation by energy, force, passion, enthusiasm; his rendering of the blood-red scene of the Revolutionary Tribunal is nothing less than electric; his voice has that vibrant quality which seems to express the throbbing of the heart; he has persuasiveness, delicacy, fire, and emotionalism highly developed. He is not afraid of "letting himself go"; he knows when it is the time for the torrent as well as for the brook. Just as the scene of his avowal of hopeless love is full of a tenderness, of innumerable little touches which appear unpremeditated, but which, of course, have been thought out carefully, full of nature, full of suggestion, so is his scene where he fights with the fury of a tornado for the life of Darnay, full of splendid vigour, force, and colour.

Because we hold it to be the duty of all who love the stage to think of its future as well as its past, to discover where its strength will lie as well as where it has lain, because it is of the utmost importance that we should know what is to happen equally with what has happened, we make no excuse in devoting ourselves to a young actor who bids fair to be a leader in the days to come, in the days which will not give us many leaders if present signs count for anything. It may be that Mr. Harvey will disappoint us; it may be that early success will spoil him, that mannerisms may develop unduly, that his progression will be retrograde. The gift of prescience, fortunately perhaps, is denied to us. We do know, of course, that Mr. Harvey, like everyone, has his limitations; some characters are beyond him because of his physique. But if the good work of the past and present is an earnest of the future, then Mr. Martin Harvey will in all probability be known as one of the really great actors of the time ahead.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

SO Mr. Tree has altered his plans; it will not be "King John" at Her Majesty's Theatre in the autumn, but, in all probability, "Antony and Cleopatra," a far more colourful and interesting play, though the former, undoubtedly, has attractions of its own. "Antony and Cleopatra" offers scope for that magnificence of scenic display which Mr. Tree knows so well how to utilise. It is a great love poem, and there is nothing like love as a motive for drama. The Antony of "Julius Caesar"—the inspiring "Julius Caesar" of Her Majesty's Theatre—would be the Antony, a few years older, of "Antony and Cleopatra," thinking no longer of the murdered Dictator of Rome, but enmeshed in the enchantment of the Serpent of the Nile. And who would be the Cleopatra? There's the rub. The requisites for the character are such as are only possessed by an actress of surpassing gifts. It requires the beauty of a Mary Anderson with the power of a Bernhardt. That is what is required to give to the character of Shakespeare's glorious heroine its fullest expression. Less, of course, would be accepted by a public eager to drink in the beauty of the poet's work, the passion of his play. Let us hope that Mr. Tree's present intention will be his intention next October, when Her Majesty's Theatre will reopen after the summer vacation.

Mr. Leslie Stuart, it seems, is to write the music for the new play to be produced at the Lyric Theatre in the autumn. Mr. Stuart is the fortunate possessor of a fund of most fascinating melody, and has been responsible for some of the prettiest songs sung at the variety theatres of recent years. He it is to whom Mr. Eugene Stratton—who is to the "darkies" what Mr. Albert Chevalier is to the "costers," their minstrel and their idealist—owes much of his success, to such dainty and ear-haunting little songs as "Little Dolly Daydream" and "The Lily of Laguna," while more martial troubadours have indulged in the equally popular and lilting march, "The Soldiers of the Queen," which had such a vogue a little while ago. We shall watch Mr. Stuart's more ambitious work with a great deal of interest, to discover if his sustained efforts have the prettiness and freshness of his charming little songs.

Mr. Carton has replied to the animadversions against his play, "Wheels Within Wheels," or rather, he has replied to the attack on the demoralising drama of which his work at the Court Theatre is an example. He does not defend the "comedy of bad manners"; he does not trouble himself with that side of the question at all; but he defends himself against the charge of inconsistency, by the argument of the *tu quoque*. He does not deny that he has turned his coat since the days of "Liberty Hall," when he wrote in one of the reviews

a "Plea for the Innocuous," and only puts forward the argument that he has "yet to learn that only a politician's coat is available for turning." And he goes on to turn the charge of inconsistency against his critics themselves. "Now it is not for me," he writes to the *Daily Mail*, appositely to the complaints of a portion of the Press which, at the time of the production of "Sunlight and Shadow," called that play milk-and-watery, "to say if you gentlemen were right then, or if you are wrong now. But I really think you should try to your own minds." This is a perfectly fair retort, but Mr. Carton does not say if that portion of the Press which declaimed against the innocence of his earlier plays is the same portion which is urging him to desist from his present class of work. Mr. Carton's reply is most genial and good-tempered, and, so far, the controversy has been conducted without acrimony or ill-feeling. It is to be hoped that some of the spiteful spirits of modern journalism will not intervene and spoil the friendly bout by their nasty little shafts. PHEBUS.



COOKING IN THE WILDS.—I.

IN December last I was much flattered by a letter which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* from a correspondent (of the sterner sex) who took the trouble to write from the Diamond Fields of the Orange Free State to express his appreciation of one of my articles on "Emergency Fare." Although I had not the circumstances of a miner's or colonist's life in mind when I wrote on that subject, I was delighted to hear that some of my hints had been found useful in the Diamond Fields, and I am now specially addressing myself to those who are beyond reach of civilised houses, hotels, and restaurants, and have to make the best of a very limited variety of food and very simple cookery apparatus.

A monotonous dietary, especially if preserved food figures conspicuously therein, is bad, not only because a change of diet is necessary to good health, but because food that is eaten without relish, merely as a means to satisfy the appetite, is apt to be eaten hurriedly and inadequately digested. It is not practicable to adapt all my hints to the conditions of any particular part of the world, but I trust that some of the advice I shall offer will be found acceptable in different countries and in various circumstances.

As *COUNTRY LIFE* peculiarly appeals to travellers and colonists, I need hardly offer any apology to the home reader of this paper for devoting a couple of articles to the interests of those who in many cases are not troubled by their cooks, because they have none, and perhaps rough it more than they need do as regards their daily food.

QUICKLY-MADE BREAD.

I give the following recipe for making bread with baking-powder, as it is often impossible when away from a town to obtain good bread, and leavened bread necessarily takes some time to prepare, whereas with a reliable baking-powder a very nice light loaf can be easily made at short notice. Mix together one pound (two heaped breakfast cupsful) of flour and half an ounce (two teaspoonfuls) of Yeatman's yeast powder and a saltspoonful of salt; moisten the dry ingredients with sufficient water (about half a pint) to make a fairly soft dough. Rub one large, or two small, loaf-tins over with butter, place the dough in the tins, and bake it at once in a well-heated oven. If preferred, after dividing the dough, form it into "cottage" loaves. Rolls can be more quickly made than bread, but before commencing operations ascertain that the oven is hot. A ready means of testing the heat is to place the hand inside the oven; if the heat is at the correct temperature it will not be possible to keep it there for a second. Place half a pound (or one large breakfast cupful) of flour in a mixing basin, and rub into it half an ounce of good tinned butter, if no fresh butter is at hand; then add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and work lightly to a dough with about a gill, or rather more, of milk, which should be added by degrees. Divide the dough into equal portions (six or eight pieces), and form into bolster-shaped rolls. Water can, of course, be used to mix the rolls if neither fresh or tinned milk is obtainable at the moment; the latter should be unsweetened.

STEWED FISH.

Various kinds of coarse fish are better for sport than for the table, but almost any fish of a fair size can be converted into a dainty dish if stewed as follows: Begin by removing the head, fins, and tail, and take the flesh from the bones on each side of the fish in two file's, which cut into four pieces. Put all the trimmings and bones into a saucepan with three ounces of Spanish onion, two or three tomatoes sliced, a little pinch of celery seed, and a small teaspoonful of dried herbs tied together in muslin, a teaspoonful of salt, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of black pepper and two cloves. Cover with a pint of cold water, let it boil up, then simmer gently for half-an-hour, when the broth should be strained into a basin. Melt an ounce of butter (a good dessert-spoonful) in a saucepan and mix it smoothly with an ounce of flour (a heaped table-spoonful), then pour in by degrees the fish broth (which should be still warm), stirring quickly until the sauce has boiled and thickened, when, if carefully mixed, it should be quite free from any suspicion of lumps. Add half a table-spoonful of mushroom ketchup, or some other brown sauce, a quarter of a pint of red wine, and enough browning to make the sauce a rich colour; the latter can, of course, be omitted, but it adds much to the appearance of the dish. Place the pieces of fish in the sauce, and let them simmer very gently until they are cooked (from fifteen to twenty minutes); just before serving add a table-spoonful of finely-minced parsley, if it is procurable.

Another good way of serving a large fish which has no distinctive flavour, is to stuff it with a herb forcemeat, and roast or bake it whole; in either case, the fish should be rubbed over with butter or dripping, and should be frequently basted during the process of cooking. For the forcemeat mix four ounces of bread-crumbs with one and a-half table-spoonfuls of minced parsley, a large teaspoonful of finely-chopped onion, a pinch of dried herbs, a little grated lemon peel, pepper and salt; then moisten with sufficient beaten egg—or milk or meat broth will answer the purpose—to make a fairly soft paste. Serve the fish surrounded by tomato or some nicely-flavoured brown sauce.

HOW TO COOK TOUGH MEAT.

When buck, or freshly-killed beef or mutton, is to form the *pièce de résistance*, careful cooking is required, in order that the meat may be palatable and digestible. Meat cooked by the process known as "jugging" can hardly fail to be both tender and savoury. Cut the meat into rather thick slices, and let them steep for two hours—turning them occasionally—in a pickle composed of four table-spoonfuls of salad oil, one and a-half of vinegar, a sliced onion, a table-spoonful of parsley (if procurable), a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, a few thin strips of lemon peel, four cloves, and a salt-spoonful of black pepper. Cover the bottom of a medium-sized saucepan, or large earthenware jar, with thin slices of onion; take the meat from the pickle, let it drain for a few minutes, and place it in the pan containing the sliced onion, then add, if possible, a carrot and turnip, and two large tomatoes, all cut into slices, a table-spoonful of mushroom ketchup, or some other suitable sauce, a salt-spoonful of black pepper, the same quantity of salt, and pour in enough stock—the latter may be made with a portion of a tablet of compressed soup—or water to entirely cover the meat. Put the lid on the pan, and make the latter air-tight by fixing the cover with a stiff paste made with flour and cold water; stand the saucepan or jar in a larger pan containing boiling water—the water should reach about halfway up the saucepan—and let the meat cook gently for three hours; the water in the outer pan must be replenished from time to time. At the end of the three hours open the saucepan, take out the meat, and keep it hot while the sauce is made; place the saucepan on the fire, let the contents boil up, then skim off the fat from the surface. Mix some household flour, cornflour, or riceflour—using one table-spoonful to a pint of liquid—with sufficient cold water to make a smooth, thin paste; pour this into the sauce, and stir quickly until it thickens, then add a teaspoonful of tomato jam, or red currant jelly, the same quantity of chutney—the "Ship" Brand is to be recommended, and can be procured in South Africa—a glass of red wine, and some browning. Strain the sauce over the meat, and garnish the dish with the vegetables, or with some well-boiled macaroni.

SAVOURY RICE MOULD.

Rub over a pudding basin or plain tin mould with butter (or dripping) and line it evenly all over with some well-boiled rice which is still warm, pressing it firmly against the sides of the basin. Then proceed to fill up the basin with a well-seasoned mince made of meat, poultry, or game. Enclose the mince by covering it with a smooth layer of rice, place a piece of buttered paper over it, then cover the basin with a small plate and stand it in a saucepan and add sufficient hot water to rather more than half cover it; put the lid on the pan and let the contents cook steadily for an hour. When ready, turn the mould carefully from the basin, and pour some tomato sauce round the dish. A very savoury mince can be prepared with tinned meat if fresh meat or poultry is not obtainable. It is a mistake to mince the meat too finely, as it then becomes a sticky mass; a sharp knife should be used, and care should be taken to cut

through the fibres. The meat should be moistened with a highly-seasoned thick sauce, or, if preferred, some tinned mock turtle or ox-tail soup may be used with an excellent result.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

(To be continued.)



THE tale of last week's racing is practically wrapped up in the history of the Epsom Summer Meeting, the principal feature of which, if not perhaps the most interesting, was, of course, the Derby. The glorious weather, the crowd of well-known people in the club enclosure, and the enormous attendance of unknowns by course and hill, are subjects which have been so exhaustively dealt with by daily contemporaries that they need not be alluded to here; whilst even of the sport itself there is not much left to be said which most of my readers will not have seen before. However, I will get on with my version of what I saw for what it is worth. In the first place, let me say I have always given it as my opinion that were Holocauste to be kept fresh and well for our Derby, and sent over in plenty of time to this country, he would make Flying Fox do all he knew to win. It is now quite evident that this would have been so. As it was, the French colt had a severe race at Chantilly on the previous Sunday, directly after which he crossed the Channel, and it was by no means surprising that he was a mere "dog horse" by the time he arrived at Epsom. That he was terribly dull and listless, light of flank, and dry in his coat in the paddock before the race, must have been obvious to everyone, but I by no means agree with those who wrote him down as a common brute and would see no good in him.



W. A. Rouch.

HOLOCAUSTE AND ROI JEAN IN Paddock.

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That he was a really good three year old, and had done more to prove himself so than Flying Fox ever has, only the most prejudiced can deny, though unluckily his Derby effort was his final one, and we shall never now know for certain which was really the better of these two good colts. The picture of

Holocauste which accompanies these notes hardly does him justice, making him appear much longer in the back than he really is, a fact which is no doubt partly owing to Sloan's saddle being put on much further forward than is usual. As a matter of fact he was a remarkably fine colt, plain about his head, no doubt, and rather narrow over his quarters, but with plenty of scope and racing quality, the best shoulders possible, and rare limbs, although he was obviously sore in his joints on Derby Day.

He was looking his worst, of course, as was only natural under the circumstances, but anyone who knows anything at all about race-horses ought to have seen at a glance that he was no commoner. The only wonder is that, in spite of the disadvantages under which he laboured, he ran as well as he did. What happened was as follows. More than half-an-hour of senseless and unnecessary false starts had almost exhausted the patience of everyone when at last the flag fell, and Holocauste was seen dashing up the hill in front of his field, hotly pursued by Flying Fox. It was a two-horse race, and no one bothered them-



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TOD SLOAN LOOKING FOR HOLOCAUSTE.

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se's about the others. Past the Mile Post, and down the descent to Tattenham Corner, this order was unchanged, until the Kingscote horse closed with the leader as they raced round the turn for home. No one could say which was going the better of the two, and the excitement was just beginning to boil up to fever heat, when suddenly the grey was seen to falter, and all was over with him. He was sore, as anyone could see, in his near fore leg before he went to the post, and it was no doubt in trying to save that limb that he threw undue pressure on the other, and smashed his off fore fetlock. It at once became a one-horse race, as although Flying Fox began to look about him when he found himself alone in front, a couple of reminders with the whip soon put him straight, and no horse could have won more easily than he did at the finish.

Unfortunately this race tells us no more than we knew before about the winner. What would have happened had Holcauste stood up, it is impossible to say, but as it was it would not have taken half a Derby horse to have beaten the lot of rags that finished behind Flying Fox in this year's Derby. As my readers will probably remember, I have always been a staunch believer in the best son of my old favourite, Orme, from the day on which I saw him as a yearling at the Eaton Stud, and I still believe him to be a really good colt. All I say is that, although he has won all his races in the best possible style, and his only two defeats are now proved to have been the flukes I wrote them down at the time, he has never yet beaten a good horse, and until he has done that it is absurd to talk of him as a second Ormonde. The best of those who finished behind him on this fateful 31st of May was undoubtedly Damocles, who was going faster than anything else at the finish. This is a really charming three year old, a powerful, short-legged sort, and evidently a real sticker. It is a thousand pities that he is not in the St. Leger, but he will probably always be a good advertisement for his young sire, Suspender. My Boy is a nice lengthy, bloodlike colt, and Innocence was very fit, but Scintillant is a long-legged beast, and I cannot agree with those who cracked up Oppressor before the race. In my opinion he is flat-sided, high on the leg, short of muscle, and would be more in his place in a hurdle handicap than a Derby field. He is a fine goer all the same—perhaps a little too fine to be a stayer—and very likely to make a lot of improvement with time.

Of Flying Fox I will say nothing more, except that he was looking exactly as a horse should look, as bright as a star, and with the muscles standing out all over him. He is shown in one of our illustrations being led back to the weighing enclosure after his victory, and his head will just be seen amidst the crowd in that somewhat inconveniently limited space. His beautiful action was very noticeable as he cantered past the stands, with his head on one side, on his way to the post, and still more so as he rolled home, an easy winner, with his tongue hanging out, after the manner of his great grandsire Doncaster. The ease with which he won is shown in our illustration of the finish, whilst other

remarkably fine filly; Victoria May is a model of quality and racing shapes, but small; and Galopin Lassie, although she cannot say, is as good-looking a sort as anyone could wish to see. That Sibola, who naturally started a hot favourite, ought to have won is probable. In the first place, the race was reduced to a farce by one of the worst starts ever seen, in which the favourite got away last but one. Then Sloan made a terrible lot of use of her up the hill, and, lastly, he came very badly round Tattenham Corner. In spite of all these drawbacks, however, Sibola stuck to her work so well that she was eventually only beaten by a head.

So much for the two classic events of this year's Epsom Summer Meeting, of which it is well worth noticing that the one was won by a grandson of Ormonde, and the other by a daughter of Murtigon, who is own brother in blood to Ormonde. What have the enemies of the greatest horse of the century



W. A. Rouch.

THE FAVOURITE LEAVING THE PADDOCK.

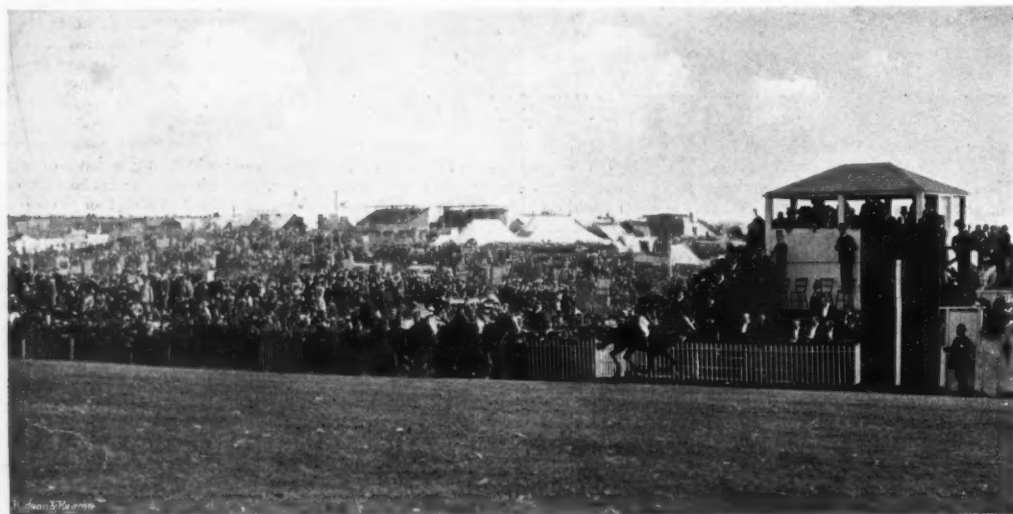
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to say now? On this subject, however, the breeding of last week's winners, I shall have a few words to say later on. Other good winners at the meeting were Northern Farmer, who showed himself very smart over six furlongs by the style in which he beat a big field for the Epsom Town Plate, carrying 9st. 4lb.; The Wyvern, who beat Mount Prospect, Wild Irishman, Fosco, and Le Blizon in the Royal Stakes, over the same distance, though it must be admitted that he met most of them on favourable terms—I happen to know that this four year old son of The Doemster was once thought very highly of, and perhaps he may now do something to redeem his early reputation; and Newhaven II., who had a mere exercise canter to beat Jaquemart for the Epsom Cup of a mile and a-half. I have often stated in these notes that I consider this to be the best horse in training, with the possible exceptions of Flying Fox and Cyllene; and neither of these, nice bloodlike horses as

they are, can be compared to the Waler for size, power, and bone. The other two Australians who ran during the meeting, Maluma and Uniform, both looked well, and are still singularly fresh on their legs, but the mare may well have lost her dash by this time, and Uniform will never thoroughly recover from his last autumn's attack of fever.

Looking at the week's results from a breeder's point of view, one cannot fail to be at once struck with the still-increasing success of the Birdcatcher, Sweetmeat, and Blacklock combination, which has been carrying everything before it all the season through. The Derby winner, Flying Fox, is directly descended in tail male from Birdcatcher, with which blood he unites that of Sweetmeat, through Ormonde's dam, Lily Agnes, by Macaroni, whilst in all his three remaining quarterings he strains straight back to Blacklock, with additional crosses of Birdcatcher, through Stockwell, and Vedette (three times). Nothing will ever persuade me, till I see it, that a horse bred like this cannot stay.

Bonarosa, who won the Woodcote Stakes, and is probably the best of his age up to date, is by Bonavista, by Band Or (Birdcatcher), from Vista, by Macaroni (Sweetmeat), whilst he gets his Blacklock blood from his dam, Rose Madder, who is by Rosebery, son of Speculum, by Vedette. O'Donovan Rossa, winner of the Great Surrey Breeders' Foal Plate, is by Donovan, son of Galopin (Blacklock) and Mowerina, out of Stockings, by Stockwell (Birdcatcher); whilst he gets more Birdcatcher and a strain of Sweetmeat through his dam, the Daughter of Barcaldine and Symmetry, whose dam, Symmetrical, was by Macaroni. Yet another example of this system of breeding is that of Perth, winner of the French Derby, at Chantilly, two Sundays ago. This colt is by War Dance, son of Galliard (Blacklock), and War Paint, by Uncas (Birdcatcher), and who gets the Sweetmeat strain through Galliard's dam, Mavis, by Macaroni. Perth also gets plenty more Birdcatcher blood through his maternal



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FLYING FOX WINS.

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pictures show that sensational jockey, Tod Sloan, walking across the paddock, and give a good view of the stands as they appear from the opposite side of the course on a Derby Day, with the coaches in the foreground.

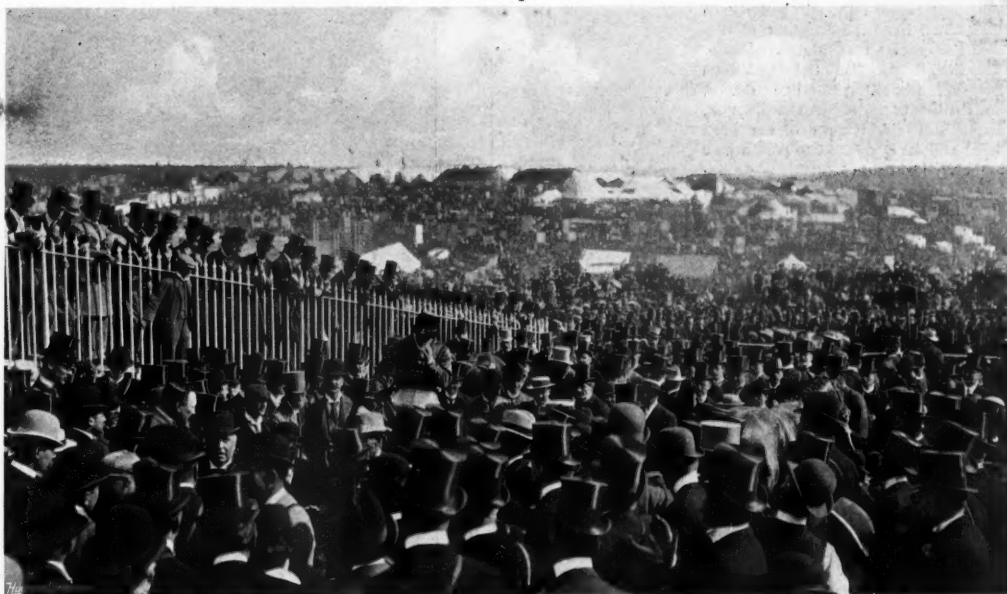
That this year's fillies may be inferior to the colts, though these last, with the one exception of the Derby winner, are nothing to boast about, is probably the case. At the same time the Oaks field made a much better show in the paddock than it may have been generally expected that they would. The winner, Musa, is a mare of charming quality, and it should be remembered of her that she made Flying Fox gallop to win his first race, at Ascot last year. Sibola I have never thought a really high-class filly to look at; but Corporant, who finished third, and is a three-parts sister to Ladas, has good size and scope, whilst Princess Mary, who ran her to a head, has grown into a really nice mare. Reminiscence has size and length, and looks like improving with time; Queen Fairy is a

grandsire, Barcaldine, and on the same side of his pedigree strains back to Woodbine, by Stockwell (Birdcatcher). I am often accused of being a "faddist" on this subject. All I say is, let us judge by results. This is only one week's racing; what more could anyone want? The Oaks winner, Musa, wants the Blacklock strain to be another instance of the same success, but she, too, inherits the Birdcatcher and Sweetmeat cross which gave us Ormonde, being by Martagon, son of Bend Or (Birdcatcher), and Tiger Lily, by Macaroni, son of Sweetmeat. The Australian-bred Newhaven II. is inbred to Birdcatcher, being by Newminster, son of The Marquis, by Stockwell, out of Oceana, by St. Albans, by Stockwell. The lesson of all this, I take it, is that the blood of Birdcatcher is still the most potent of all, and that it nicks best with that of Sweetmeat, whilst it only needs one or more crosses of Blacklock to make an almost certain winning pedigree. At any rate, most of the big winners of every season, and of this one especially, are bred on these lines.

An unusual, and possibly a novel, sight on an English race-course was witnessed last week by those at Epsom on the first day of the Summer Meeting, when the South American filly, La Uruguay, went to the post for the Craven Stakes. The appearance of the Argentine representative provoked on every hand the question "Where's the saddle?" We are more or less accustomed by now to Sloan's peculiar style of riding, but it is open to question whether the appearance of a saddleless and stirrupless competitor at home will create as little commotion as do the methods of the American jockey.

The Beenham House Yearlings.

I HAVE always thought that the best time to buy yearlings is early in the season, and that young thorough-breds sent into the sale ring in June and July are more likely to prove satisfactory to their trainers, and remunerative to their buyers, than those made up for sale so late in the year as Doncaster, for instance. It therefore seems to me that Mr. Waring is acting not only in his own interests, but also in those of buyers, by offering his yearlings during the Ascot race week. That these have not really been made up for sale at all, will easily be understood when I say that when, in accordance with my annual custom, I went down to the Beenham House Stud on the 24th of last month, they had been taken up but two days before. It was only necessary to handle them too to see what good hard condition they were in, and what a lot of galloping about most of them must have done. A fact which seems to be strangely overlooked by buyers is the number of young Chittabobs and Buccaneers who win races, whilst we know, by Medicis, that the beautifully-bloodlike Florentine can sire good winners; and as the two sons of Pilgrimage, Lourdes (sire of Solennis) and Loved One (sire of Dinna Forget), are both now at Beenham, we are likely to see this stud turning out more winners than ever in the future.



W. A. Rouch.

FLYING FOX RETURNING TO SCALE.

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But to get on to the yearlings, which are thirty-three in number, and which I have no hesitation in saying are the best lot, taken all round, Mr. Waring has ever yet bred, within my memory. To take them in the order in which they were shown to me, the first two are sired respectively by the Australian horses Trenton and Carbine, the first of them being a sturdy, compact little bay colt, the first foal of Airedale, by Ayrshire from Hatchment, by Chevron. He stands on very short legs, with a lot of bone, and has a rare back and loins, but wants to grow out a bit as yet. The other is a bay filly out of that good mare Arriette, by Ayrshire from Jewel Song, by Speculum (Birdcatcher and Blacklock), and is the best Carbine I have seen, having more size than most of that horse's children, and being a clean, true-made filly with a lot of liberty. A very sharp young lady in the paddock is the brown filly by Chittabob out of Astwith, by Wenlock, and coming of the same tribe as Moorhen, the dam of Gallinule. An active, well-balanced colt is the chestnut by Chittabob out of Comedienne, by Petrarch; and there is a lot to like about the hard, big-boned, deep-bodied daughter of Crowberry and Bush Chat, by Minting. Two other Chittabobs are a bay colt out of Donna Fortuna, by Donovan, with size, power, and first-rate limbs, and a good goer I was told; and a bay filly out of Eastern Rose, by Rosicrucian, a lengthy, fair-sized filly with quality. A yearling that will win races is the chestnut filly by the beautifully-bred Loved One out of Flora McIvor (dam of Dare Devil), by Adventurer, a very sensible sort, with good length, plenty of power, lots of bone, and showing nice quality. A grey filly by Grey Friars out of Glance (dam of Wheatfields), by Beauclerc, will grow into a big, strong mare. And then we came to two young Chittabobs, a compact, neatly-turned bay filly out of Glancing, and a remarkably fine chestnut colt out of Golden Web, by Carlton, and straining back to Glencairne, sister to Glencoe, by Sultan. This is a big, strong, reachy youngster, with great arms and thighs, and sure to grow into a race-horse of character, if he is given plenty of time and not hurried.

Florentine has a nice clean blood-like filly out of Irene, by Solon. This own sister to Harrogate is all length and liberty, and certainly ought to race. Others by the same sire are the square, short-legged bay colt out of Ripa (dam of Hob Nob), the blood-like bay colt out of Pinnacle (dam of Topnot), by Macgregor, a real galloping sort, and a colt of character, and the very pretty chestnut daughter of Sounding Brass, sister to that good mare Barbara, by Kendal out of Sally Brass, by Musket. This is a very racing-like filly indeed. If anyone wants a jumper he had better buy the sharp little bay colt by the same sire out of Rosolio, who is as active as a cat, as quick as lightning, and has already shown an aptitude for jumping stiles. All the Loved One youngsters have plenty of size, and two good yearlings by him are a bay filly, a first foal, from Nimble Kitty, by Carlton, a really good yearling, with beautiful shoulders, and a kind, sensible head; and a strong, compact, short-legged brown filly out of Lauretta (dam of Corblets Bay), by Petrarch. This filly is full of quality, with great power in her back and quarters, is a remarkably good goer, and quite of the Dinna Forget stamp.

I have left the Buccaneers to the last because, undoubtedly, I think they are the best. Of these the bay colt out of True Love, by Sterling from Carine, by Stockwell, is not only a beautifully-bred youngster, but also a well-grown, powerful sort, of the same type as his



W. A. Rouch.

BEHIND THE COACHES ON THE HILL.

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sire, but bigger; though better even than him I liked the daughter of that nice Rosicrucian mare Mary Anderson. This low, lengthy sister to Stage Villain has size, power, racing-like shapes, and the best of limbs. A sharp, quick, active sort, she is quite of her sire's type, and it is difficult to pick a horse in her. I am sure that this is a yearling of class, and I think I should almost call her the pick of the basket. Some people, however, may prefer the big, powerful galloping daughter of Diablosse (dam of many winners), by Robert the Devil, who will probably make a big price; and on second thoughts I must put the bay colt (brother to Huntress) out of Woodroof, by Cymbal, and straining back to Woodbine, Feronia. Honey-suckle, and all sorts of good mares, before even the Mary Anderson filly. In truth this is a remarkable yearling, and in my opinion absolutely certain to race. A beautifully-bred mare is Wasp, by Touchet out of Busy Body, by Petrarch, from Spinaway, by Macaroni, and she has a big, reachy, loose-built bay colt of Buccaneer's that looks all over like making a race-horse. The last two of the Buccaneers led out for me to see were the hard, clean, loose-made bay colt out of La Gitana, and a big old-fashioned wiry bay filly out of Palmetto (dam of Palmy), by Sweetbread. Sheen has a beautifully-bred muscular bay colt out of Orphaine, by Bend Or, and going back to Macaroni and Feronia; and a fine big filly, with lots of scope and capital legs—a regular Cymbal—is the chestnut filly by Loved One out of Maid of Fife, by Cymbal. I had almost forgotten a beautiful colt by Chittabob out of Thelma, by Peregrine, who has size, length, power, and quality, and stands true on the best of limbs; nor must I omit to mention a very pretty chestnut filly by Buccaneer out of Crooked Answer, by Chittabob; a fine big filly by the same sire out of Hot Roll, and therefore own sister to Buckle read; and a bay filly of beautiful quality by Loved One out of Koré, by Chittabob, a very quick sort with good size, and sure to race. This completes the list of the Beenham yearlings, of whom I may truly say that they are a really good all-round lot, exceedingly well worth looking at by anyone who wants to buy such things, whilst the Koré and Mary Anderson fillies and the Golden Web and Woodroof colts are, in my opinion, very high-class yearlings indeed.

OUTPOST.

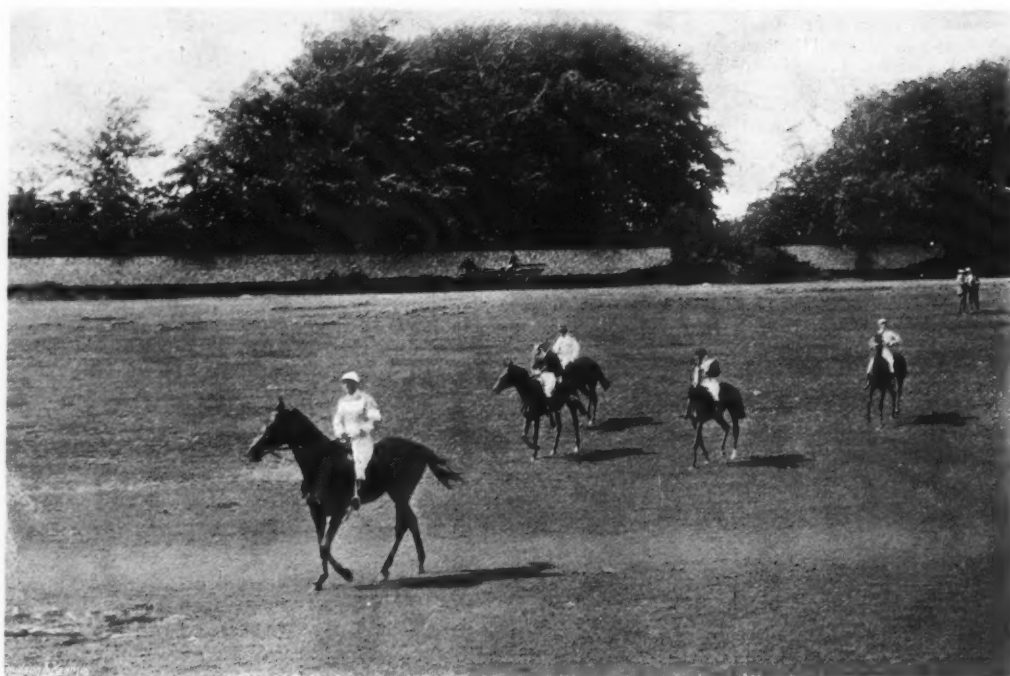


Photo.

GOING TO THE POST FOR THE OAKS.

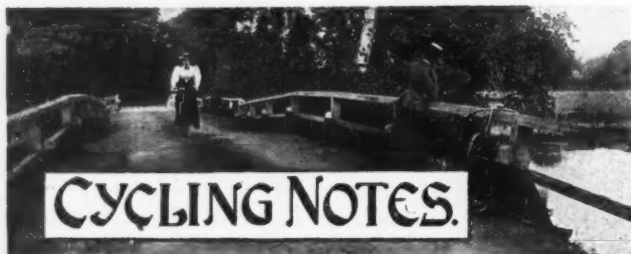
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Photo.

RACING NOTES: "WHERE'S THE SADDLE?"

Copyright



A REALLY charming book is Mr. Stephen Gwynn's "Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim," and one that should appeal to every cyclist who has toured in that enchanting region. Messrs. Macmillan have assuredly scored a great success with their "Highways and Byways" series, of which the Donegal volume is the third, its predecessors having dealt with "Devon and Cornwall" and "North Wales." Attractive as these two have been, the new volume may be accounted the best of the three. Mr. Gwynn is a most acceptable narrator, and it is difficult to put his book down after once it has been opened. He has also been fortunate in his illustrator, for Mr. Hugh Thomson's sketches are exquisite, and moreover thoroughly true to life. No one who has toured in Ireland could fail to be pleased with the fidelity and charm of the picture of the "Donegal Lass" on page 145, or of the "Mail Cart" on page 205, or again with the view of "Slieve League from Carrick" on page 61, to say nothing of the numerous other character studies and dainty landscapes with which the volume is profusely illustrated. Certainly nothing more typical of Irish life and scenery has yet been produced, and it should be in the hands of all who have visited Ireland, or who are contemplating a tour in the Green Isle.

There is great virtue in a cycle lock; for want of it a Birmingham cyclist and his week-old bride are now left lamenting. After their

marriage they started on a tour awheel, their ultimate destination being a well-known seaside resort. Naturally they stayed at several places on the way to admire the scenery, and at one period of their journey, when twelve miles from any station or village, they left their machines in the lonely road, and took a short walk up an embankment, from which, it was said, an extensive view of sea and land could be obtained. They were absent but a couple of minutes or so, but when they returned they found that both their machines had disappeared. In the dim distance could be seen a couple of men riding as if for dear life, while the disconsolate cyclists could only shout in vain after the thieves, who, needless to say, paid no heed to the invitation to return. The hapless couple had to walk the whole of the twelve miles, and, to make matters worse, rain began to fall. When they reached their destination they were both drenched to the skin, and the lady was thoroughly knocked up. She spent the remainder of her honeymoon in bed, and is now lying somewhat seriously ill at her home. The obvious moral is that no place is too sequestered to preclude the possible presence of the prowling thief, and that even twelve miles from any station the only wise course is to padlock one's machine. Moreover, the lock should be a good one, and of a kind that should not only be unpickable, but should also render the machine unridable while the lock is *in situ*.

One of the metropolitan magistrates, namely, Mr. Hopkins, has enunciated an extraordinary theory, for which he will find it somewhat difficult to establish a justification. He had before him a defendant who was charged with running down a woman in Coldharbour Lane, Brixton. His defence was that he was getting out of the way of a tram, and that the lady ran into his machine. Whereupon Mr. Hopkins ejaculated, "Have you not yet found out that if a bicyclist runs over a pedestrian, the bicyclist always rightly gets the blame? The roads were made for people to walk about in. You must pay 10s. and the cost of the summons." It is surely high time that magistrates ceased to perpetuate this abominable theory that a pedestrian has no responsibilities. No one disputes his prior claim to consideration when crossing a roadway; we claim it ourselves when we are not awheel. But to argue therefrom that a pedestrian is *ipso facto* in the right, and

the cyclist invariably wrong, is a gross travesty of justice, and the logical effect of Mr. Hopkins's deliverance would be to induce the Brixton loafers to plant themselves in the way of approaching cyclists, and endeavour to blackmail them after voluntarily producing a fall. As a matter of fact, this trick is not infrequently attempted, and by Mr. Hopkins's gracious sanction is likely to be more frequent for the future.

THE PILGRIM.



IT is really a very pretty quarrel between Count Tolstoy and his agent on the one hand, and the American publisher of the *Cosmopolitan* and his editor or reader on the other. Moreover, it is the kind of quarrel in which one cannot help having a certain amount of sympathy for both sides. To avoid all risk of being misunderstood, even at the cost of telling a few persons that which they know already, let me state the effect of the facts as I believe them to be. It seems to be the case that the American publisher bought a literary work of Tolstoy's without reading it, perhaps without having had the opportunity of reading it. Possibly, as is too commonly the case in these days, the work was not written, although I confess that I had thought Tolstoy too true an artist for this. At any rate, when the MS. was delivered the Americans, publisher and editor, came to the conclusion that it was meat too strong for the American palate, and they set to work to Bowdlerise it, and to cut out passages which seemed to them to be objectionable. Hence fury on the part of Tolstoy and his agent.

Now at the first blush one is disposed to be wholly on the side of Tolstoy. The way in which Americans Bowdlerise all sorts of books, not stopping short of the Bible, is to say the least of it exasperating; and if the story about draping the piano legs be not true, there are others, nearly as excruciating, which are gospel. Moreover, the American ought not, in his anxiety to secure a big name, to have bought a "pig in a poke." That is easily said, but those who know the commercial side of literature are well aware that this is a counsel of perfection. The brainwork of the best authors is too often bought many years in advance, and it suffers in quality accordingly. What is more to the point is that the American editor ought to have known beforehand that pure Tolstoy would not be suitable for the American public. But then it is equally to the point that Tolstoy ought to have known precisely the same thing.

Says the agent in effect, "There was nothing to which the most puritanical mind could object. The book is being published, as originally written, in England." That may be. Not having read the book, I express no opinion. But the argument is worth nothing at all. It is true that we in England are a great deal less squeamish than the Americans. But we are a very great deal more squeamish than the French. For example, if an English author were to perpetrate Guy de Maupassant's "La Maison Tellier" (not that any English author is likely to write anything nearly so clever or so bright), he would run risks of losing his freedom. Again, we imprisoned Mr. Vizetelly for publishing a translation of "La Terre." We may have been right or we may have been wrong. The point to be impressed is that the question of the suitability of a work for publication is local and relative, not absolute. So I cannot help being sorry for this American editor when he was face to face with valuable manuscript, for which he had paid a great price, and when he discovered that he dared not publish it in its entirety.

Every lover of good letters will wish "Good speed" to Messrs. Newnes and others in their very successful efforts to bring the best books within the reach of the million. The *Academy* very justly calls attention to the infinite variety of literature which the firm named offer to the world at sixpence. For those who can follow Mr. George Meredith there is "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel"; and there are other books so diametrically opposed to one another in character as "She" and "Robert Elsmere"; "Sherlock Holmes" and "What Would Jesus do?"; "Ships that Pass in the Night" and "Departmental Ditties"; "A Yankee Boy's Success" and "The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture." Moreover, in sixpenny parts they are bringing out a very worthy edition of "The Arabian Nights."

Nobody pretends, of course, that this kind of enterprise is undertaken on purely altruistic principles. But the more it pays the better, for it works for good. More particularly is this true in relation to boys, who are eager devourers of all sorts of books, and may perhaps take to sound literature, now that it is easily accessible. I cannot help contrasting the opportunities open to the public schoolboy of to-day with those of my own time. Years ago, *in statu pupillari*, I remember clubbing funds with one who is now amongst the most influential of editors, to buy "Daniel Deronda," as it came out in parts, which were numerous, common in equipment, and very expensive. If "Daniel Deronda" could come out as a new book now, it would probably be accessible at once. As matters stood then, it could not be acquired save at the cost of many ices and strawberry mashes. Perhaps, however, we valued it all the more for the difficulty of obtaining it.

Will the boy's appetite for "penny dreadfuls" become less keen now that more wholesome food lies to his hand? Like the Scotsman, "I hae ma doots"; but, unlike the pessimist police magistrate, I doubt whether the penny dreadful does half the harm which is attributed to it. Little boys, and little girls, too, for that matter, have undoubtedly a strong predilection for tales of blood and thunder; but that is quite an old story, and it is only recently that police magistrates have begun to think that this useless form of literature is really influential for harm. Still the new cheap literature is better, and, in one way or another, it appeals to all. Even a Hooligan, I take it, could read "Sherlock Holmes" or "She."

The boy, it seems to me, is a simple creature. Give him movement in his story and he will not only endure "Noble Sentiments, Sir," but will endorse them as eagerly as the theatre-goer. That is one of the reasons why Mr. Bloundelle Burton is so successful with his books, one of which, "Fortune's my Foe," lies before me at this moment. It has a capital title, it is full of stirring action, and it is undeniably healthy and even robust in tone.

A book to which I am looking forward with a certainty of delicate enjoyment will shortly be published by Messrs. Dent. What the title may be I cannot tell. But I am able to say that it will be written round and about a

Northern garden, that it will be playfully thoughtful, which is a very different thing from being thoughtfully playful, and that it will be written with grace and delicacy. All this I know in advance, because the author is Mrs. Neish, who, new writer that she is, has made astonishing strides in public esteem of late.

The *Outlook* is to be congratulated upon having secured two unpublished stories by the elder Dumas. That they will add to the reputation of the prince of historical novelists is not likely, is indeed impossible. His best work was, and remains, a model for all time. Still, there are some of us who treasure every word that Dumas ever wrote, and it is delightful to find that the treasure can be increased.

Books to order from the library:—

- "Mr. Passingham." Thomas Cobb. (John Lane.)
- "Studies in Foreign Literature." V. M. Crawford. (Duckworth.)
- "The Individualist." W. H. Mallock. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "The Dominion of Dreams." Fiona Macleod. (Constable.)
- "Lally of the Brigade." L. McManus. (Fisher Unwin.) LOOKER-ON.

Photographic Competition.

FROM time to time readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* who are interested in photography send specimens of their work. Many of the photographs they forward are of excellent merit. With a view to their encouragement it has been determined to begin another Photographic Competition.

A FIRST PRIZE OF TWENTY POUNDS,

SECOND PRIZE OF TEN POUNDS,

AND THIRD PRIZE OF FIVE POUNDS

will be given for the three best sets of not less than twelve photographs illustrative of country life in any of its phases. The following list will suggest the subjects that will receive favourable consideration:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Gardens such as those appearing with the articles "Gardens Old and New." | Village industries and life. |
| Cottage gardens. | Village halls. |
| Tree and floral studies. | Agriculture in any of its forms. |
| Moated houses. | Picturesque farm buildings. |
| Old wrought-iron gates and other ironwork. | Leadwork: vases, figures, cisterns, etc. |
| Picturesque villages and cottages. | Animal or bird life. |
| | Dovecotes. |
| | Various outdoor sports, such as fishing, shooting, hawking, yachting, etc. |

In addition to the three prizes named, a special one of Five Pounds will be given for the best set of not less than six photographs illustrating the most artistic effects that can be obtained in gardening.

The photographs should be silver prints—preferably on printing-out paper—not smaller than half-plate size, and should be carefully packed, and addressed to the Editor in a parcel bearing the words "Photographic Competition" on the outside. For the purpose of identification each individual photograph must be clearly marked with the name and address of the competitor, but no responsibility for the safe keeping of the competing photographs can be accepted, although every care will be taken to return safely any unsuccessful photographs if stamps for this purpose are enclosed.

It is understood that all reproduction rights of the successful photographs will pass to the Proprietors of *COUNTRY LIFE*, and, if required, the negatives of these pictures will be given up to them. The Proprietors also reserve to themselves the right to make use of any of the unsuccessful photographs upon payment of from 5s. to 10s. 6d. for each picture published, according to their idea of merit.

The Competition will close on October 14th, and the decision of the Editor, which will be final and without appeal, will be announced as early as possible after this date.



STABLE LADS' OUTFIT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Will you kindly tell me through your paper if it is usual for stable lads riding in a race to find their own breeches, boots, etc.? I think mine is a like case. I rode in a point-to-point this spring for a man, having to buy top-boots, etc., and now he says it is not his affair. I may state I qualified to ride as a armer's son. Thanking you in anticipation for an early answer.—SPUR.

[Stable lads riding in a race, have to find their own breeches and boots, unless they get them given to them, as they may do on occasions. With regard to "Spur's" case of riding in a point-to-point steeplechase, it was not necessary or him to buy racing boots if he had any hunting top-boots. If he had to buy these specially for the purpose, it certainly seems to have been rather a mean thing or the gentleman whose horse he rode not to have given them to him.—ED.]

MOLE IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may interest your readers to hear that I lately kept a mole for a short time in captivity, and was struck by several traits that to me were new about the creature. It appeared to me that it was practically blind, for though it was very voracious, it would not take the slightest notice of a worm dangling before its face; only when it had actually come in contact with the worm with its sensitive nose did it appear aware of its presence, and then all its behaviour seemed to argue that it was not only blind but also deaf; for though one shouted at it and made any amount of noise, it went on gobbling up its worm with greed that was almost fearful to see. I also noticed another curious fact, which very likely has often been observed, though I have seen no account given of it: the hair of its body lay back in the normal way towards the tail, but on the head it all lay forward, towards the nose. This struck me as very singular. Can it be that this forward pointing of the fur on the head is a provision of Nature to thrust off the dust and dirt as the mole works its way through the earth? It seems possible that this may be the reason for the arrangement, which I can account for in no other way. Perhaps some of your readers who are better naturalists than I may be able to give some scientific and accepted explanation. The little creature seemed very fearless, but though I kept it in its native earth and supplied it freely with worms, it died, from some unexplained cause, in a few days.—ABEL.

HIS TRUMPETER IS DEAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was much interested in the photograph of Lady Howard's three charming dogs in your issue of May 20th. I am a prize sable and white collie, and, like Lady Howard's pets, am perfectly devoted to my mistress, and quite



my photograph, which I hope you will think worthy of insertion in COUNTRY LIFE.—NEWMARKET LAIRD, K.C.S.B. 36,811.

JERBOAS AS PETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing some discussion in your charming paper on the subject of animals as pets, may I venture to draw your readers' attention to the merits of the jerboa. It is sometimes disrespectfully called an Egyptian rat, but it is really more like a tiny kangaroo, travelling by tremendous bounds. It is no bigger than a rat, always excepting the hind legs, which are disproportionately long; and this little rat, built on the kangaroo pattern, goes across the room so quickly that you literally cannot see it go. One moment it is here, the next it is over there; and how it has gone from one place to the other you can only guess. It is a clean and delightful little pet, as intelligent as you can fairly expect a rat to be. If you care for mention of the jerboa in the classic literature, you may find it in the late Robert Browning's "Saul."—CREX.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you enclosed a photograph of my two Dandie Dinmonts, Maidie and Jill. They all but talk, have a great dislike to the cat tribe and the "old lady's" pet dog, and consequently get themselves on many occasions much disliked. You may think it worth while inserting the enclosed photograph in your most interesting paper.—GERTRUDE ASTLEY-CORBETT.



SWANS NESTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Are the enclosed photographs of any use to you for COUNTRY LIFE? They were taken at a pond near here, which is mostly surrounded by a marsh. In one you will see the male swan appearing very angry. Indeed he went for me soon after I had taken the photograph, and struck me several times with his wing on the back as I was stuck in the mud.—GEORGE SAMPSON, Sheet, Petersfield, Hants.

[Our correspondent sends two photographs, of which we reproduce that which, artistically, is not the best. That course we take because the angry swan—and an angry swan is not to be trifled with—is shown in very lively fashion.—ED.]

REDSHANKS NESTING INLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may interest you to know that a pair of redshanks are this year nesting in a healthy place in the West Riding of Yorkshire. I think this is, perhaps, noteworthy, because no one in the district seems to remember these birds nesting there before, and also because the spot they have chosen is just about as far from the coast as they could find in that county, about sixty miles from either sea. Surely this is rather singular in so coast-keeping a bird as the redshank. There can, I think, be no mistake about the bird's identity, for my informants have watched them closely and carefully with glasses, and the redshank is easily identified. On the same property, again, sixty miles inland, there are several pairs of the crested grebe on the lake. Some years ago there were none, but a wandering pair, we may presume, came and nested there, and there are now some four pairs or so of their progeny, and these that they have attracted there.—H. G. H.



SHIELTIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of my Shetland ponies, "At Work" and "At Rest," and am glad to see that your valuable paper is calling attention to this charming and useful breed, so well fitted to be the friends of childhood in every country home.—ERNEST O. FORDHAM.

KITCHEN GARDEN WALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am about to build a kitchen garden wall. I at first thought of building it 8ft. high, but as the area is large, I find this will come very expensive. Will 8ft. be sufficient? I may state that the garden is surrounded on three sides by woods, but is open on the south, slightly east.—A. H. R.

[A garden wall 8ft. in height must be fully a brick and a-half wide, and even then with an occasional buttress. If you go only to a height of 6ft. a wall a brick thick will do, but 4½in. projecting buttresses should be added at every 20ft. For all ordinary trained trees 8ft. is ample. A very high wall throws so much shade. If, as you say, the garden is surrounded on three sides by woods, let the wall be at least from 40ft. to 50ft. from the trees, otherwise insect pests, caterpillars, and so forth will be troublesome. Possibly you may be able to have the garden still farther from the woods. We advise you to have the pillars or buttresses to the wall inside the garden. One good trained tree—peach (or apricot) on south walls; pear or plum for west and east walls: morello for north walls—will in time fill each intervening space, and the buttresses may be planted with two cordon trees, pears especially, for suitable aspects, or trained gooseberry and currant bushes for north walls.—ED.]